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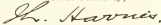
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TURNER & NEWALL LIMITED

Further growth in turnover and profit—exports at record level

Summary of the statement by the Chairman, Mr. R. G. Soothill, for the year ended 30th September 1965

The Forty-Seventh Annual General Meeting of Turner & Newall Ltd. will be held on 3rd February 1966 at the Chartered Accountants' Hall, Manchester, when it is expected that Mr. R. G. Soothill, the Chairman of the Company, will preside. The consolidated trading profit for the year ended 30th September 1965 was £14,567,641 compared with £13,736,725 for 1964. The Directors recommend a final dividend of 7½% on the Issued Ordinary Stock which, together with the interim dividend of 3½% already paid, makes a total distribution of 10½% for the year, the same rates as for 1964. In addition, bearing in mind the transitional effects of the Finance Act 1965, a special supplementary dividend of 1½% is recommended for this year only.

Mr. R. G. Soothill's statement to the stockholders, which has been circulated with the Report and Accounts, is briefly summarised as follows—

Group sales to third parties increased 12.3%, with record home and export sales. Profit before taxation was also a record, but the ratio of trading profit to turnover, at 16%, was affected in home companies by increases in salaries, wages and National Insurance contribution rates. The resulting burden on profit margins has, despite increased productivity, not been light, particularly during the second part of the year. The vigorous development of exports from the home manufacturing companies, which have increased by over 18% in two years, exercises a further restricting influence on these margins, since export trade offers a less than average return. Approximately 18% of Group turnover to third parties arose from sales made by overseas manufacturing companies. Inevitably local production will make greater inroads into the value of direct exports; nevertheless, much of its financial effect benefits the U.K. balance of payments.

Turners Asbestos Cement Co. Ltd. achieved higher sales, though profit margins were under pressure. At home, sales of ships board and insulation board, electrical insulation products and pipes were higher, while those of asbestos felt, millboard and paper constituted a record. The export outlook is encouraging. A new factory at Ballycraig, Northern Ireland, is planned to commence manufacture of building products by the end of 1966.

Turner Brothers Asbestos Co. Ltd. reached record turnover levels at home and overseas. Home sales of asbestos textiles, jointings and power transmission belting increased, while overseas belting sales, although lower, were not unsatisfactory in the light of smaller overall market demand. Rapid progress in the sale of glass fibre textiles and plastics reinforcement products has required plant extensions at Dugganagh and Hindley Green.

Newalls Insulation & Chemical Co. Ltd. increased its turnover at home and abroad, and showed higher profits. New plant for high quality magnesium carbonate and oxide will soon be at work. Direct sale of insulation products increased and production capacity has been enlarged to meet the demand for calcium silicate insulation. The Contracts Division is fully committed for some time to come. Demand for the mineral wool products of Stillite Products Ltd. increased throughout its market in thermal insulation and acoustic treatment.

Ferodo Ltd. achieved new sales records at home and abroad in the face of increasing competition. Production capacity for many products was fully employed and for some was a factor limiting sales; new plant on order will remove these constraints. Profitability improved, and the development of new friction materials should strengthen the company's position in both automotive and industrial markets.

British Industrial Plastics Ltd. achieved a record turnover, the improvement being spread over almost the whole field of its operations, but profits were slightly lower. A new factory, costing over £2 million, being built near Liverpool for moulding powders and resins; other developments include extensions to the Streety moulding press factory and a new machine shop at the Maryport factory. New lines are continually being introduced to meet the growing demand for "Gaydon" taleraws, and sales of other moulded products and "Filon" sheeting increased.

J. W. Roberts Ltd. introduced new plastics products for the building industry, in particular "Limpet" p.v.c. rainwater goods and "Pervec" rigid p.v.c. sheeting. Sales of "Ferobestos" plastics and Sprayed Limpet Asbestos insulation were higher. In Southern Africa, Rhodesian and General Asbestos Corporation (Pvt.) Ltd. and New Amianthus Mines (Pty.) Ltd. operated at optimum production rates, and achieved improved fibre recovery, while Bell Asbestos Mines Ltd. in Canada operated its Thorford mine at programmed capacity and plans to sink a new shaft.

The Group maintained its excellent labour record, but experienced great difficulty in the United Kingdom in securing an adequate supply of labour. All our companies are giving priority to the development of training schemes and the reduction of manpower in relation to output. However, if incomes rise faster than productivity, through direct increases or larger overtime payments due to shorter "standard" hours, profit margins must be reduced, unless reasonable price flexibility is accepted.

I am glad to convey, on behalf of the Board and stockholders, sincere thanks to all our 40,000 officials and employees for their hard and loyal work. The tasks ahead of British industry will demand the fullest devotion of everyone concerned, and our experience in the past leaves us confident that all associated with Turner & Newall will take a worthy part.

Expenditure on expansion schemes will probably involve a sum of about £26,000,000 this year. Our interests in asbestos mining in Canada have been increased by a further investment through our Canadian subsidiary in Cassiar Asbestos Corporation, amounting to \$7½ million, raising our hold-

ing in the equity to over 17%. Elsewhere, our entry into the manufacture of asbestos-cement products in Nigeria and Zambia is proving very successful, and our new factories at Durban, in South Africa, which manufacture asbestos-cement products and friction materials, are both settling down to regular production.

The Government's restrictive measures have so far had little effect upon the sales of our home subsidiaries. There may, however, be a slackening in the demand for asbestos-cement building materials in the coming months. Otherwise, at home, there is no specific indication of decreasing demand, although the wide field in which our products are employed must make Turner & Newall susceptible to any broad changes in the national economic picture. In any event, we have to face the effect of significant increases in labour costs. Exports from our home factories will, of course, continue to be vigorously pressed, and should, we hope, again expand in total.

In general, the outlook for our overseas subsidiaries appears relatively favourable, with two important qualifications. The situation in Rhodesia (as at mid December), involving embargoes on imports of Rhodesian asbestos fibre into the United Kingdom and other countries, will clearly affect the earnings from this particular field of our mining operations, to an extent which cannot be assessed at the present, since it obviously depends upon the duration of present sanctions. As already announced, the existing embargoes are not likely to affect the Company's manufacturing operations, at home or elsewhere, for a long period of time, during which we expect to make adequate arrangements for alternative supplies from other sources. Accordingly, the effect upon the Group as a whole of a temporary interference with the Rhodesian mining operations, although significant, would not be of overriding importance. As a countervailing factor, the general market for chrysotile asbestos fibre is firm and would demand continued increases; the more favourable picture thus remains favourable for our mines in Canada and Swaziland, and—we must hope—in Rhodesia also.

The second qualification relates to India, where our factories face the likelihood of a cut in production, imposed by the Indian Government, due to lack of foreign exchange needed for the purchase of asbestos fibre. The indigenous supply of which is negligible.

Widely differing and sometimes conflicting factors, such as are mentioned above, make it only prudent to move further into the current financial year before attempting a worth-while assessment of the outlook. At the moment, a cautious view is essential.

Salient figures

from the
consolidated
accounts

	1965	1964
Sales to third parties	£21,066,266	£21,060,081
Trading profit	£14,567,641	£13,736,725
Profit before taxation	£16,139,312	£14,400,806
Profit after taxation	£8,354,741	£7,658,375
Dividends on ordinary stock	£4,685,104	£4,200,544
Retained in the business	£4,768,472	£3,508,558
Fixed assets (net)	£53,115,081	£36,315,242
Current assets less liabilities	£45,494,463	£43,511,796

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All the listings are based on the latest information available at the time of going to press.

THEATRE

(Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews)



ALDWYCH (TEM 6404)—*The Government Inspectors*: opens Jan 19. Hamlet: Peter Hall's production with David Warner as the prince. (1/19/65) *The Homecoming*: Harold Pinter's first full-length play since *The Caretaker*. Fuzzling, funny and alarming. (16/6/65)

Alibi for a Judge (Savoy TEM 8688)—thin comedy whodunit. Andrew Cruchank as an eccentric judge. (18/9/65)

Any Wednesday (Wyndham's TEM 3028)—tycoon, mistress, wife, young man. Family stock Broadway comedy done by Dennis Price, Amanda Barrie, Morris Later, John Fraser. Boring patches. (11/8/65)

At the Drop of Another Hat (Globe GER 1592)—welcome return of Michael Flanders and Donald Swann. (6/10/65)

Barefoot in the Park (Piccadilly GER 4506)—the usual calamities befall two American newlyweds. Some unusually funny wisecracks. (12/12/65)

Beyond the Fringe (Playliff MAY 3036)—this long-running revue not so sparkling now, but some items still amusing. (29/12/65)

The Birdwatcher (Hampstead Theatre Club PRI 9301)—continuing the Season of International Plays. Until Jan 29.

Black and White Minstrel Show (Victoria Palace VIC 1317)—the TV spectacular.

Boeing-Boeing (Duchess TEM 8242)—quintessence French farce about amorous young man who fails to juggle three air-hostesses. Very well done. (30/12/64)

Charlie Girl (Adelphi TEM 7611)—new British musical with lady of the manor Anna Neagle, cockney Joe Brown and Hy Haseil. Friendly, cheerful show, if old-fashioned. (22/12/65)

Chase me Comrade (Whitehall WHI 6692)—the regular team involve themselves with a defunct Russian ballet-dancer: full of laughs. (22/7/64)

Doctor at Sea (Prince of Wales WHI 8681)—maritime jokes, awfully thin. (12/1/66)

Hello Dolly (Drury Lane TEM 8108)—musical with little story and no wit. Its chief pleasure the scene when twenty waiters cry *Hallel to Dolly* (Mary Martin). (8/12/65)

How's the World Treating You? (New Arts TEM 3334)—successful comedy set in 1945, '55 and '65. Patricia Routledge and Peter Baylis especially funny. (12/1/66)

An Ideal Husband (Strand TEM 2660)—Margaret Lockwood's wicked Mrs. Cheveley far and away the best thing in this otherwise so-so Wilde revival. (28/12/65)

An Incident at Vichy (Phoenix TEM 8611)—Arthur Miller's new play, opens Jan 26.

The Killing of Sister George (Duke of York's TEM 5122)—delightful Beryl Reid as the District Nurse character in a radio serial. What happens to her on the air and off when the character has to be written out of the script. All women cast and lesbian relationship. (26/6/65)

A Lily in Little India (St Martin's TEM 1443)—Hampstead Theatre Club's successful production. Opens Jan 20.

Man and Superman (Vaudeville TEM 4781)—excellent production of top quality Shaw, Stan Phillips and Alan Badel starring. (1/12/65)

A Month in the Country (Cambridge TEM 6056)—Turgenev's drama of thwarted passion in 1940 Russia. Well worth seeing for Ingrid Bergman's star performance; good acting, too, from Joanna Dunham, Michael Redgrave and Jeremy Brett. (29/9/65)

The Mousetrap (Ambassadors TEM 1171)—Agatha Christie thriller. (16/12/62 and 30/12/64)

OLD VIC (WAT 7616)—*Armstrong's Last Goodnight*: how James V of Scotland learnt his first lesson in Machiavellian statecraft and rid himself of the most pesky of the Border robber barons, Albert Finney as the truculent Armstrong and Robert Stephens as the King's diplomat. (14/7/65) **The Crucible**: Arthur Miller's play based on the witch-trials in Salem. Superbly acted. (27/1/65) **Love for Love**: Congreve's comic masterpiece with all the company's stars shining. (27/10/65) **Mother Courage**: correct Brecht-style production of his most famous play. Interesting to have seen though tiring, perhaps, to see. (19/5/65) **Othello**: good National Theatre production, with Oliver all black and a mile wide. (29/4/64) **The Royal Hunt of the Sun**: Peter Shaffer's magnificent epic spectacle. Robert Stephens and Colin Blakely superb as the Inca King and Pizarro. (15/7/64) **Trelawny of the Wells**: Pinner's comedy about theatre folk, very well done with Louise Purnell, Paul Curran and Robert Stephens as the principals. (24/11/65) **Oliver!** (New: TEM 3878)—the most successful English musical of our time. Lionel Bart's songs still worth hearing but performances not what they were. (30/12/64) **On the Wagon** (Mermaid: CIT 7656)—Bernard Miles in his first one-man show.

Present Laughter (Queen's: REG 1164)—excellent revival of one of Noel Coward's funniest comedies. Brilliantly acted. (28/4/65)

Robert and Elizabeth (Lyric: GER 3686)—musical comedy. (28/10/64)

ROYAL COURT (SLO 1745)—*A Chaste Maid in Chippendale*: Jacobean comedy directed by William Gaskill. **Sergeant Musgrave's Dances**: John Arden's early play. A god-fearing soldier bent on exacting retribution for the murder of a comrade. Notable performance by Ian Cuthbertson. (15/12/65)

Say Who You Are (Her Majesty's: WHI 6606)—Jan Carmichael and three more in a pretty funny farce about infidelity. Dine well and see it. (20/10/65)

A Severed Head (Criterion: WHI 3216)—Priestley's effective dramatisation of Iris Murdoch's novel. (22/5/63)

Sons of Oblomov (Comedy: WHI 2578)—Spoke Milligan waves his eccentric way through an adaptation of this Russian comic novel. Precious little Oblomov but funny Milligan. (14/10/64)

The Sound of Music (Palace: GER 6834)—very sentimental American musical but with fine tunes and good singing. (12/12/64)

Spring and Port Wine (Apollo: GER 2663)—Bill Naughton's new domestic comedy-drama with Alfred Marks a storm paterfamilias. Very good entertainment, very well done. (12/1/66)

Twang! (Shakespeare: TEM 6596)—musical. (5/1/65)

Too True to be Good (Garrick: TEM 4601)—wordy late Shaw, but funny performances from Alastair Sim and James Bolan. (29/9/65)

You Never Can Tell (Haymarket: WHI 9832)—reviewed this week.

OUT OF TOWN

Cheltenham, Everyman—*Worm's Eye View* (R. F. Delderfield) Jan 25-Feb 5

Colchester, Repertory—*Maria Martes* (Victorian melodrama) until Jan 29

Guildford, Yvonne Arnaud—*Kain* (Alan Poulson) Jan 25-Feb 5

Salisbury, Playhouse—*Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* (Edward Albee) Jan 25-Feb 5

CINEMA

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The Agony and the Ecstasy (U—Astoria: GER 5385)—in Technicolor and colour, the story (from Irving Stone's novel) of the tussle between Michelangelo (Charlton Heston) and Pope Julius II (Rex Harrison) over the painting of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Visually impressive but not otherwise enthralling. (3/11/65)

Aparajito (U—Citi Jan 23, Everyman, Hampstead: HAM 1525)—Indian: the second part of Satyajit Ray's quiet, atmospheric, fascinating "Apu trilogy." (The Unconquered, 19/2/66)

Battle of the Bulge (A—Casino: GER 6877)—In Ultra Panavision and colour on the Cinemascope screen, the spectacular and ear-splitting story (from both sides) of the fighting in the Ardennes at the end of 1944. Robert Shaw very good as a Panzer commander. (15/12/65)

Dear John (X—Cinephone: MAY 4721)—Swedish (Kare John): a sea-captain and a café waitress find emotional happiness by way of physical love. Much better than the "X", chasing audience deserves. (17/11/65)

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Dr. No (A—Studio One: GER 3350)—the first James Bond film, which set the tone by inviting you to smile at its hero's one-upmanship and sexual prowess. (17/10/62)

Four in the Morning (X—Cameo-Royal: WHI 6915)—small-scale mood piece, admirably done, that examines the emotional troubles of two young couples in the atmosphere of early-morning London. (29/12/65)

From Russia With Love (A—Studio One: GER 3300)—the spy melodrama more or less burlesqued in the second James Bond film. Not for those who take him seriously, but highly entertaining for anyone else. (23/10/63)

The Great Race (U—Coliseum: TEM 3161)—comedy spectacular (Panavision and colour, on the Cinerama screen) about a motor-race from New York westward to Paris in 1938. Like a mixture of *Those Magnificent Men and The Hallelujah Trail*, and heavily over-emphasized with slapstick, noise and smashing-up. (20/10/65)

The Heroes of Telemark (U—from Jan 20, Odéon, Haymarket: WHI 2738)—visually splendid (Panavision, colour), spectacular war film: the true story of some immensely important sabotage by the Resistance in German-occupied Norway in 1942. (11/12/65)

How to be Loved (Academy Cinema Club: GER 8819)—Polish: the story of a young actress who throughout the war kept her lover hidden in her flat in German-occupied Warsaw. Technically striking and brilliantly acted. (12/1/66)

How to Murder Your Wife (A—Jacey, Piccadilly: REG 1449)—crazy comedy in colour, with Jack Lemmon in a comic-strip artist who makes his hero commit the "perfect murder" and is suspected of having done it in fact. Too strenuously and self-consciously absurd, but with many good funny scenes. (8/9/65)

M. Hulot's Holiday (U—Price Charles: GER 8181)—the second of the splendid, brilliantly funny Jacques Tati comedies, re-recorded in English by him. (Original version reviewed 25/11/53)

King Rat (A—on Jan 19, Columbia: REG 5414)—written and directed by Bryan Forbes from James Clavell's novel about a conscienceless black-marketeering prisoner in a Japanese P.O.W. camp in 1945. Powerfully gripping, very well done. (8/12/65)

Lady L (A—Empire: GER 1234)—Peter Ustinov's very glossy (Panavision, colour), quite entertaining but too facetious version of Roman Gary's novel about the Corsican laundress who became an English peeress; with Sophia Loren, Paul Newman, David Niven. (1/12/65)

Laurel and Hardy's Laughing 20s (U—Ritz: GER 1234)—compilation of slapstick scenes mostly from L. & H. silent films (1926-57), with contributions by Charlie Chase, Edgar Kennedy and others and a commentary that is happily for once more informative than facetious.

Loving Couples (X—Cameo-Moulin: GER 1653)—Swedish (Alfons Per) Mai Zetterling directs a period (pre-1914) story of three women in hospital for the birth of their babies. Good handling of backbars, and much good detail, but as a whole too consciously shocking. (21/7/66)

My Fair Lady (U—Warner: GER 1423, and Royal: HOL 8024)—George Cukor's version (Super Panavision 70, Technicolor) of Lerner and Loewe's Pygmalion musical, with Audrey Hepburn, Rex Harrison, Stanley Holloway and Cecil Beaton's sets and costumes. Essentially an idealized stage performance, enjoyable as such. (3/2/65)

Never Too Late (A—on Jan 19, Carlton: WHI 3711)—glossy (Panavision, Technicolor) and still very theatrical adaptation of the play about a wife who finds herself pregnant in middle age, and the effect of the news on her, her husband and her married daughter. Good points, but too laboured and too loud. (12/1/66)

No Questions on Saturday (U—Cameo-Poly: LAN 1744)—Franco-Israeli (Pin Question is Semed, which surely should have been translated as something like *Not on Saturdays*), overpoweringly whimsical story of an old man who after his death has to qualify for heaven by rounding up his sons, legitimate and illegitimate, and getting them to marry and settle in Israel. Robert Hirsch plays thirteen different character parts.

The Pink Panther (A—on Jan 19, Jacey, Marble Arch: MAY 6396)—most of the Academy's one-crime picture is an accident-prone French police-inspector on the trail of a titled jewel-theft (David Niven). Ingenious script and direction make laughter almost continuous. (22/1/64)

Shakespeare-Wallah (A—Academy Two: GER 5129)—highly individual, the story of a little company of English strolling players of Shakespeare in India—touching amusing and quite admirably acted. (22/12/65)

A Shot in the Dark (A—on Jan 19, Jacey, Marble Arch: MAY 6396)—another investigation by the ludicrously accident-prone Inspector Clouseau (Peter Sellers), first met in *The Pink Panther*. Less sense about the story, but the laughs are just as good. (10/2/65)

The Sleeping Beauty (U—on Jan 19, Odéon, Haymarket: WHI 2738)—Russian, in 70mm and colour, with the Kirov

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Ballet, Not a reproduction of a stage performance, conceived as a real film ballet, and imaginatively photographed and edited.

The Sound of Music (U—Dominion, MUS 2176)—visually beautiful (Todd-AO, De Luxe colour) adaptation of the Rodgers-Hammerstein musical, A formidable 3 hrs. (including interval) of tedium, made bearable by the charm and fine singing of Julie Andrews, (7/4/65)

Those Magnificent Men in their Flying Machines (U—Metropole: VIC 4673)—a roaring farce in Todd-AO and colour about the early days of flying and London-Paris air race in 1910. As full of smash-ups and almost as full of comedians as Stanley Kramer's *Mad World*, but even less subtle. (16/5/65)

Thunderball (A—London Pavilion: GER 2902, and Rialto: GER 3488)—the fourth James Bond adventure, mixture much as before, and quite successful, though there are not so many laughs and some scenes go on too long. (5/1/66)

Tokyo Olympiad (U—Academy One: GER 2961)—impressive, memorable colour documentary by Ichikawa about the 1964 Olympics which makes no attempt to be a record but very successfully and stirringly conveys the atmosphere of an occasion. Visually often brilliant. (13/10/65).

FOR CHILDREN

PLAYS IN LONDON

Babes in the Wood (Palladium: GER 7373)—pantomime with Frank Rield, Arthur Askey, Sid James, Roy Kinnear and Kenneth Connor.

Bertram Mills Circus (Olympia: FUL 3333)—the last London season.

Give a Dog a Bone (Westminster: VIC 0283)—revival of last year's pantomime.

Peter Pan (Scala: MUS 5731)—this year starring Sylvia Sims, and Ronald Lewis, until Jan 22.

Treasure Island (Mermaid: CIT 7656)—this year with Sir Donald Wolfitt as Long John Silver, until Jan 22.

OUT OF TOWN PLAYS AND PANTOMIMES

Birmingham, Repertory—**Treasure Island** until Feb 12

Bristol, Little—**A Little Further** until Jan 29

Bristol, Theatre Royal—**The Happiest Days of Your Life** until Jan 29

Cheltenham, Everyman—**Cinderella** until Jan 22

Derby, Playhouse—**Red Riding Hood** until Jan 29

Glasgow, Citizen's—**A Beano for Jack** until Feb 5

Guildford, Yvonne Arnaud—**The Rose and the Ring** until Jan 22

Hamchurch, Queen's—**Jack and the Beanstalk** until Jan 29

Leatherhead, Repertory—**Dick Whittington** until Jan 22

Manchester, Library—**Alice Through the Looking Glass** until Feb 26

Northampton, Repertory—**Dick Whittington** until Jan 29

Richmond, Theatre on the Green—**Mother Goose** until Jan 22

Salisbury, Playhouse—**Dick Whittington** until Jan 22

Sheffield, Playhouse—**Trudi and the Minstrel** until Jan 29

Wardour, Civic—**Babes in the Wood** until Jan 22

Windsor, Theatre Royal—**Dick Whittington** until Jan 29

MUSIC AND BALLET

City Music Society Bishopsgate Hall Jan 25, 1.5 pm Maria Robles (harp)

Conway Hall Red Lion Square Jan 21, 6.30 pm Albert String Quartet Mozart, Shostakovich, Janacek

Royal Festival Hall Jan 19, 3.55 pm Melville Cook (organ)

Sewinch, Bach, J. Albin, Reger, Loughlin 8 pm BBC Symphony Orchestra (Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt and Michael Tippett)

Dietrich Fischer Dieckau (baritone) *The Vision of St Augustine* (Tippett) *Symphony No 3* in E flat (Beethoven)

Jan 20, 8 pm London Philharmonic Orchestra, LPO Choir (Sir Malcolm Sargent) John Shirley-Quirk (baritone) *A London Symphony* (Vaughan Williams) *Belshazzar's Feast* (Walton)

Jan 21, 8 pm Shura Cherkassky (piano) Hindy, Beethoven, Britten, Rachmaninov, Prokofiev Jan 22, 3 pm Ernest Read Orchestral Concert for Children, LPO (Anthony Hopkins) David Dimbleby (narrator) *Overture: Don Giovanni* (Mozart) *Symphony No 8* in F (Beethoven) *Peter and the Wolf* (Prokofiev) *Folk Song Suite* (Vaughan Williams) 8 pm Hallé Orchestra (Sir John Barbirolli) Daniel Barenboim (piano)

Overture: Il Seraglio (Mozart) *Piano Concerto No 3* in C minor



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(Beechoven) *Symphony No 9 in D minor* (Bruckner) Jan 23, 3 pm Hungarian Quartet; Mozart, *Mendelssohn, Dvorak* Jan 25, 8 pm London Symphony Orchestra (Colin Davis) Clifford Curzon (piano) *Symphony No 103 in E flat* (Haydn) Piano Concerto in A (Mozart) *Symphony No 7 in A* (Beechoven) *Covent Garden* Jan 19, 22, 24, 7.30 pm Turendus (Puccini) Jan 20, 7.30 pm A Midsummer Night's Dream (Britten) Jan 21, 7.30 pm Jan 22, 2.15 pm *La Fille Mal Gardée* (Ballet) *Budapest's Wells* Jan 19, 7.30 pm Der Freischütz (Weber) Jan 20, 7.30 pm *Gipsy in the Underworld* (Offenbach) Jan 21, 25, 7.30 pm *The Marriage of Figaro* (Mozart) Jan 22, 7.30 pm *Modern Butterfly* (Puccini) *Saville Theatre* D'Oyly Carte Season Jan 19, Cox and Box and The Pirates of Penzance Jan 21, 22, Penelope Jan 24, 25, Trial by Jury and HMS Pinafore

LECTURES



British Museum Jan 19, 5.30 pm Some aspects of the relation of the Dead Sea Scrolls to Early Christianity (Admission by ticket from the Director British Museum) Jan 19, 11.30 am *Medieval society in medieval antiquities* 1 pm *The Cairo ostraca* 3 pm *Graphic art of Japan* 21, picture books (with slides) Jan 20, 11.30 am *Chinese painting* (with slides) 1 pm *Scrolls from the wilderness of the Dead Sea* 3 pm *Muslim antiquities* Jan 21, 11.30 am *Gods and kings of ancient Egypt* 1 pm *The Royal Gold Cup* 3 pm *The daily life of the Greeks and Romans* Jan 22, 11.30 am *Scrolls from the wilderness of the Dead Sea* 3 pm *The early development of writing* Jan 24, 11.30 am *The British Museum Library* (with slides) 1 pm *Scrolls from the wilderness of the Dead Sea* 3 pm *Chinese pottery and porcelain* Jan 25, 11.30 am *The Sutton Hoo ship burial* 1 pm *The Lethargy Crystal* 3 pm *Time measurement: ancient and modern* Admission free

Horniman Museum Jan 22, 3.30 pm *The rocky sea shore* (with slides) Admission free

London University School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, Keppel Street Jan 24, 6.15 pm *Family life today* Admission £1 (course of 8) 3 pm single lecture

London University School of Pharmacy, Brunswick Square Jan 25, 6.30 pm *Eliot the Post-Conte* (John Chalker) Admission £1.2.6 (course of 9) 3 pm single lecture

Natural History Museum Jan 19, 3 pm *Folklore of plants* Jan 20, 3 pm *Disasters* Jan 21, 3 pm *Nature reserves* Jan 22, 3 pm *Volcanoes* (with film) Jan 24, 3 pm *Birds of the night* Jan 25, 3 pm *Plants of the past* Admission free

Science Museum Jan 20, 3 pm *Steamships* Jan 22, 3 pm *Electrical power* Jan 25, 3 pm *Iron and steel* Admission free

Tate Gallery Jan 20, 3 pm *English narrative painting in the late 17th century* Jan 22, 3 pm *Turner Jan 25, 1 pm* *Drawings by Henry Moore* 3 pm *The English scene* Admission free

Victoria and Albert Museum Jan 19, 6.15 pm *Raphael and the Classical Tradition* (6 lectures) 1 *The changing image* Admission free

GALLERIES



British Museum *State of Arts in the 16th century—Grosvenor* *Bradenstein primitive paintings—Manor* *Kim James sculpture—Leicester New Year exhibition of 19th and 20th century paintings, drawings and sculpture—Madden* *Mixed exhibition of French painters—Marjorie Parr* *Mixed exhibition of young painters—Mermaid Inn* *Mixed paintings—New Arts Centre* *Bryan Pearce: paintings—Redfern* *Lithographies de l'Asie* *Moulin—Royal Academy* *Pierre Bonnard: paintings—Royal Society of Painters in Watercolours* *Flower paintings—Tate* *Gauguin and the Pont-Aven Group and Recent Acquisitions—Waddington Roger Hilton: works on paper—Whitechapel Bryan Kneale* (opens Jan 26)

FOOD SHOPPING IN SOHO



A shopping trip to Soho is the cheapest way to the Continent there is. Walk, early in the morning for preference, along Old Compton Street past the silent juke boxes and empty strip clubs. The smell will draw you in to the Algerian *Coffee Stores* (52); let them help you find the right blend of after-dinner coffee; or buy some of their Chica tea with jasmine blossom. Further along is *Del Manico's* (66) one half filled with wines and spirits at very low prices, and the other side stocked with French walnut cheese, tinned anchovy hearts, tiny nougat bars and pans of ripe black olives. Nearly next door is *Sandret* (70) importers and retailers of French sugar, coffee and an

excellent selection of biscuits. Across the road is *Camia* with salami and garlic sausage festooning the doorway.

Berwick Street Market stretching into Rupert Street has stalls selling fruit and vegetables, mostly very good value but comparison shopping is advisable. In Rupert Street is *Hustler* (55) an old-fashioned chandler's shop selling enamel kettles, candles, garlic, paraffin, ground spices, and in the window ten different types of rice. In Brewer Street, between the markets, *Lina Stores* (18) have tinned escargots, marron flos and a windowful of patterned sacks of pasta from tiny stars to wide, flat ribbon noodles. *Richards* opposite have good fish and helpful assistants (closed Monday). **Hamburger Products** (1) have smoked salmon, trout, buckling and mackerel. Farther along is *Kwang Shang Lung* who sell jars of preserved plums and ginger and have seemingly inexhaustible patience and will explain all about the green bean shoots and strange looking jars behind the counter. *Floria* at 43 sell superb, mouth-watering chocolates and charming Cellaphane bags of crystallised fruit and nuts. Nearly at *Cordeau's* (45) you can buy real placé (3 a row) and they will also find you a Brin in exactly the right state of ripeness. Butchers in Soho are many and varied. *Matthews* in Berwick Street is said to be good, while *Randall* and *Aubin* 16 Brewer Street have some fascinating art nouveau certificates in their favour. *Benoit Bulcke* in Old Compton Street have properly larded joints as well as minced veal, pork, and steak tartare. Before you go home call in at *Denny's* on the corner of Dean Street and buy a chef's white or blue-striped apron or a sensible hard wearing cash over-cloth.

SPORT

Football

Jan 22 **F.A. Cup 3rd Round**
Charlton Athletic v Preston North End
The Valley, Floyd Road SE7
Leyton Orient v Norwich
Brisbane Road E10
Queens Park Rangers v Shrewsbury
Loftus Road W12
Tottenham Hotspur v Middlesbrough
White Hart Lane N17

Rugby

Jan 22 **Guy's Hospital v Devonport Services**
Honor Oak Park SE23
Harlequins v RAF
Twickenham
London Irish v Moseley
The Avenue, Sunbury-on-Thames
London Scottish v London Welsh
Richmond Athletic Ground
Rosslyn Park v Leicester
Roehampton SW15
Saracens v Bedford
Bramley Sports Ground N14
Wasps v US Portsmouth
Eton Avenue, Surbiton

Squash Rackets

Jan 21 **England v Wales**
Northwood Squash Centre, Middlesex

RESTAURANTS

Appreciations are based on unselected and unannounced visits by staff members. We cannot be responsible for alterations in standards and prices since our last visit. Prices: 25/- a head, with wine, is considered cheap, and £3 expensive.

L'Aiglon 44 Old Church Street SW3: FLA 8650—small, friendly and very comfortable, food is some of the best at Chelsea, especially good vegetables. Good inexpensive wine list. Lunch Mon-Fri, dinner daily. Cheap plus.

Bistro D'Agron 29 Pavilion Road SW1: BEL 3083—cheap and cheerful, fast service with pleasant though unadventurous food, mainly grills. No licence but wine bar next door. Good value. Lunch 12-3 (not Sun) dinner 7-12.

Boulogne Restaurant 27 Gerrard Street W1: GER 3196—peaceful case, in Edwardian setting. Unobtrusive service, varied French menu: altogether well worth a visit. Open Mon-Fri lunch and dinner. Dinner only Sat. Last orders 11.30. Medium prices.



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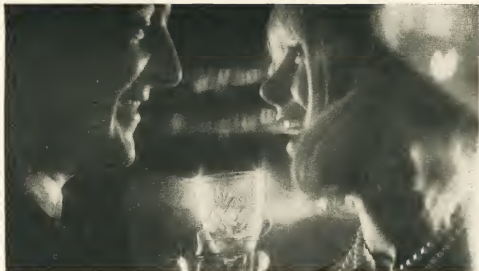
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The silvery clink of ice . . . the enticingly gleaming taste; the swift blossoming of wit . . . the evening launched into orbit that is what Beefeater does for Evening People's evenings.



How! you might ask.

Well, it's a secret really, but as it's you we'll lift the veil a little.

To pure grain London spirit and water from our very own spring (a perfectionist foeble we happily admit to) we add fragrant juniper berries, coriander, angelica, Seville orange peel and other herbs and spices which, even now, fill our loft with scent.

Our recipe demands that we distil *three* times; another perfectionist touch which adds to the *gleam* of your Beefeater. To tell any more would be to float our own Secrets Act, an Act which has remained unflouted these 140 years.

If you feel that your evenings, glittering though they are, lack something, it's probably because you don't welcome them with a Beefeater. Generations of Evening People have found that the enticingly gleaming taste of Beefeater is what sets the evenings aglow.

Why swim against the tide?

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BEEFEATER GIN THIS EVENING**





PUNCH

Vol. 359 No. 6541 January 19 1996

Lesson from New York

THE time to talk about industrial strikes is when they are not particularly conspicuous — and I am keeping my fingers crossed that there will be no serious and passion-inflaming stoppage before this column appears on January 19. Strikes, as Galsworthy pointed out dramatically in *Strife*, are really acts of war, internecine war: their intention is to do damage, to wound and impoverish, and as we have seen recently in New York they can produce suffering on a vast scale. People's lives can be shortened by the effects of strike action, people's health can be undermined.

Stoppages are supposed to be the result of unbearable tension between employers and employees, tension springing from a sense of victimisation in terms of pay, hours worked, conditions or fringe benefits, and of course there is at times this unbearable tension. We all know it. There are moments when most of us have felt the keenest desire to hang one on the boss's chin and walk out, and the hotheads among us occasionally give expression to this desire. The big trouble arises when our individual ire is swamped by a corporate bloody-mindedness, when whole industries down tools and hold their fellow men, the consumers, to ransom. For a strike is no longer a matter of bringing pressure to bear on the bosses — who are in fact the thousands of faceless investors in an industry — but on the general public. To strike against the skinflint mill-owner was one thing: to strike against a vast number of holders of ordinary and preference shares, who never meet, seldom vote and on average are totally uninformed, is to tilt at windmills. No, men strike today to register their grievances with the general public, which means with the public's representatives, which means the Government. So strikes are attempts to achieve political action by applying pressure that has no political validity. They are therefore undemocratic, and that should be enough to condemn them.

But can they be made illegal? Mr. Maudling and others on the Conservative side have said that the next Tory Government will take strong action to make the unions toe the line: Labour

leaders, from George Brown down, have hinted that failure of the Prices and Incomes Board would automatically mean its replacement by a more authoritative body backed by legislation to impose its decisions on wages and salaries.

All parties shy away from the very notion of such an authority, or Wages Board. The unions want to preserve their bargaining power, and their right to strike, because each union regards itself as involved in a rat-race for preferential treatment. The employers hate the idea of a Wages Board because (a) they are congenitally fearful of planning (which they call "bureaucracy") and (b) because they sense that control of wages would automatically be paralleled by control of prices and profits. Formidable opposition.

Yet a National Wages Board is a vital necessity, and we are much nearer to achieving it than either side realises. Already some thirty per cent of our workers have their earnings decided for them by central bodies: nurses, doctors, teachers, civil servants and so on have to put up with the pay decisions of Government departments, and when they occasionally hint at independent action it is because, very naturally, they resent the privileged position of the militant, grasping, unrestricted unionist.

At present our incomes pattern makes no sense whatever. Few wage-rates or salary-rates are geared to profitability or even to the crude laws of supply and demand. Workers in one industry or service get more than workers in another for reasons beyond the wit of any economist to analyse. They get more because they have *always* got more, because their job is concerned with a product or service once, but no longer, considered of exceptional significance to the national wellbeing, because they are in a favourable geographical location, or simply because they are served in their union by tougher, more skilful or more foolhardy negotiators. If we had to start afresh to build a pattern of earnings for the British people, we all know that the old pattern would have to be revised wholesale from the bottom

continued overleaf

Edited by

Bernard Hollowood

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up. This means that wages and salaries are at present right out of step with economic and social requirements, and that the nation's efficiency is thereby gravely impaired.

Deep down we know that we cannot struggle along with our chaotic system for very much longer. Ten years? Twenty? The party that has the guts to tackle the problem and accept the fundamental need for a National Wages Board will at length earn great credit and support. — BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

SEVEN MORE DAYS

I SUPPOSE computers were bound to become the villains eventually. They were blamed—unjustly, as it turned out—when those ten thousand barrels of beer had to be poured down the drain at Burton-on-Trent. But I don't remember the finger being pointed at electronics when they were tipping all that milk down disused mine shafts . . . And are the Americans going to burn wheat again in the interests of the economy, and Brazilians make bonfires of the coffee surplus? They're very worrying, these signs. Last time they meant a world depression. I don't grudge Oxford that gift of a few tons of Aspro's last week (rendered obsolete by a later mark), but I can feel my own headache coming on.

ELECTRICAL terminology, which includes farads, henrys and coulombs as well as the more familiar watts, volts and amperes, remains puzzling to the layman, and when a power chief said the other day that the cold snap had called on an extra 600,000 kilowatts, "or Battersea power station and a half!" it had a sudden agreeable clarity. I hereby insist on the addition of the Batterwall to every CEEB spokesman's lexicon.

AND the electricity men have had other preoccupations. They're worried because sea-water in the atomic plant conduit pipes is clogging them with mussels, and they've advertised for a "mussel man" to tackle the job of removing them. I'm afraid this is a bit unsophisticated these days. If they want any replies they'd better advertise for a Crustacean Operative at the very least.

ANYONE tired of protest singing must have been cheered to learn that a group in California, breaking new ground, is rapidly climbing the charts with seven-



teenth-century songs . . . Except that the leader justified the idea to a radio interviewer by saying, "They had things to protest about in the seventeenth century just like now."

THE Premium Bond boys have been reduced to climbing on the James Bond wagon. "Be a Bond Type" (get it?) is the headline for the latest advertisement, and "Bond Type" is printed on the tightest bit of a girl's slacks. Interesting, though, that a supporting reference to Mr. Bond in the text has to carry no acknowledgement of copyright to the firm that manages him. Can't have people bandying his name around without asking.

NEWS on the unspoiled holiday-spot front is that the first batch of American tourists has just left for a thousand-pound away-from-it-all in Antarctica: average temperature — 60°F., chief thrills are seal

watching, studying wind velocities and wave formations. Why Antarctica? "We want to get away from other tourists," they say. But won't they be stuck with them?

MEANWHILE, for stay-at-homes, isn't it a bit hard on those residents of Chelsea and Kensington being asked to pay fifteen bob a week to park their cars outside their own front doors? I hope they'll have a word with Aubrey Jones about it. From nil to £40 p.a. is a scale of price-rise that makes the Ranks-Hovis-McDougall move look positively deflationary.

LAST year's great-anniversaries vogue was bound to hang over into 1966, even without the help of the Battle of Hastings and Westminster Abbey. Still, I think one Lodon store is pushing it a bit hard by celebrating "twenty years of advertising on London's Underground and Southern Railway poster sites."

A NEWSPAPER called the *Sunday Punch* has been launched in Ghana. Will it last longer than the *Sunday Punch* published from this office? That lasted for one issue only, December 3, 1893. But it was only issued to establish a copyright in the title . . . so look out, Nkrumah, we're after your hide.

"US hardback and paperback rights sold, German translation rights sold, under option in four other countries." I quote from a proud ad for *The Virility Diet*, the latest two-guinea cookbook with a difference. Well, they say sexporting is fun.

RISING at last from the ruins of the blitz, St. Anne's, Soho, is being rebuilt with a multi-storey underground garage instead of a crypt. Who was laughing at those reports from America about drive-in churches?

PEOPLE

Would it be too much to hope that in her scouring the country for qualified assistants **MRS. BARBARA CASTLE** may one day soon find out what's become of **COLIN BUCHANAN**?

GENERAL DE GAULLE has finally accepted **NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV's** six-year-old invitation to visit Moscow. Long delay, but, of course, he had to wait for last month's election to prove that he wasn't a has-been, too.

It's encouraging that ITV had the sense to apologise for **LAURENCE HARVEY**. Pity they did not apologise for **EAMONN ANDREWS** too, while they were about it.

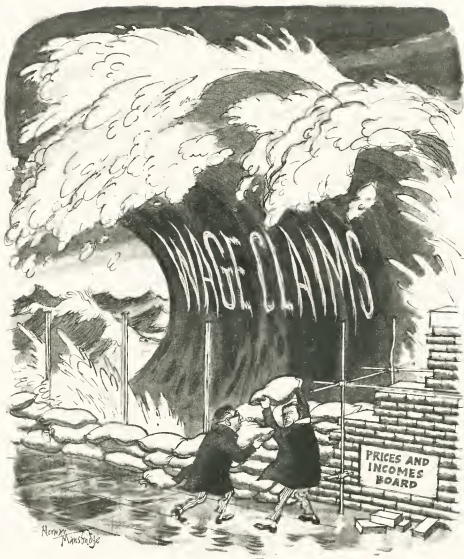


Enjoy today,
MIKE, while you may.
The cheering and the fame.
Who knows! Next week.
A losing streak—
—Just one unlucky game—
And you'll be there,
You'll find, to bear
The jeering and the blame.

The Rhodesian thugs who beat up Messrs. **ROWLAND, ENNALS** and **BRAY** have at least added paint to **IAN SMITH's** claim that things would be different if only British politicians had first-hand experience of what Rhodesians are really like.

Why blame **ANTHONY WEDGWOOD BENN** when his much-publicised personal answer to all complaints turns out to be a printed reproduction of his own handwriting? What better PMG than a man with a rubber-stamp personality?

Lucky old Tory party, having **ANGUS MACDONALD** to tell it that it lacks effective leadership. Knowing that's half the battle. Now all it needs is a few effective critics.



DEFENCE OF THE ECONOMY

LITTLE MATTER OF ELEVATION

by H. F. Ellis



"I pronounce you man and wife and I'm asked to hand you this Ministry of Labour appeal on Married Women for Industry."



Hollowood

"You haven't spoken to me since June, 1965—ever since the Beatles got into the Honours charts."

SNOW falls, and lies, on high ground more frequently and in greater quantities than on low. Few motorists seem to be aware of this. Observing that "it doesn't amount to much" outside their own houses at mean sea level the bulk of them will happily set out on journeys involving considerable climbs for all the world as if snow-capped hills were an invention of the Christmas card trade.

Thus it was no surprise to me, when marooned at a small inn some fifty yards below the summit of a 900-foot hill, to have my enjoyment of an article on quasi-trapping in Sinai constantly interrupted by the sound of slitherings and futile revivings outside. "There's another of 'em," the landlord would say, and at this signal the two or three able-bodied men in the bar would rise up and go out into the bitter, bitter cold to help. Such is the spirit of mutual aid and co-operation in the countryside, of which many a Londoner, drawing his curtains closed to muffle the noise of shots and screams for help from the outer world, must often have read with admiration. There was no inclination at all to suggest that anyone who was fool enough to attempt the hill in such weather was welcome to stay there until his passengers' open-toed shoes froze immovably to the roadway: simply this general exodus, in which I found it was courteously expected to join.

The procedure for assisting a car up the last fifty yards of frozen and impacted snow is not complicated. The occupants of the car remain seated in comfort—in order, I believe, to apply pressure on the back wheels. The driver engages too low a gear and is gently corrected by the landlord, who then lays a piece of sickening in a suitable position and says "Right." The other helpers bend double over the rear bumper, where the maximum number of icy crunching particles will be thrown up by the spinning wheels, and push.

The car slitherers sideways, to shouts

of "Whoa!" and "Keep her going!" and the feet of the helpers, unable to follow the upper parts of their bodies, are beautiful upon the mountain. The landlord wields his sack, the helpers reassemble their limbs, there is a strong sensation of numbness at the wrists as the inside of the cuffs fills with golden snow, and little by little the sideways slitherings give way to a definite forward movement. Forward and upward. The backs of the heads of the passengers, seen in a swift upward glance from a position near the handle of the boot, inspire in one of the helpers feelings more nearly akin to the unneighbourliness of a Londoner than to the co-operativeness of the country. But the moment is short-lived. Suddenly the wheels grip, the car bounds ahead, and for the straining, stretched-out shovers there is nothing for it but instant prostration in the snow. It is well understood that the occupants of the car must keep going once they are under way, so that the awkwardness of being thanked does not mar the satisfaction of regaining the comfort of the inn.

"There's another of 'em," says the landlord. By the time four or five cars have been heaved over the top I have given up the pursuit of quail in Sinai. The intervals are too short for serious study, and it seems better to turn to the brief illustrated letters about interesting old signposts and tame others in which this 1956 issue of *Country Life* is particularly rich. The state of my feet also militates against concentrated reading. The consciousness of being now an accredited member of a volunteer rescue squad, though warming, has not enough heat in it to dissipate the snow that has crept inside my shoes, nor has whisky the power to relieve the dead weight of my trouser turn-ups. I am beginning to hope, with almost a Londoner's effrontery, that some large vehicle will skid immovably sideways, farther down the hill, and block the flow of traffic for good, when

our numbers are swelled by the arrival on foot of two hefty men in gaiters. These are countrymen if ever I saw one: hale and rubeufed men who have called, not for help like those feckless motorists, but for beer. Pushing, with their aid, will be less than half the labour. Indeed, it might even be possible to work in shifts, turning out into the cold only for every other ear. We are happy to see them.

Their attitude, when renewed slitherings are heard outside and the nature of the evening's work is explained to them, surprises me. "Let 'em do it themselves," says the helier of the two, and points out, what cannot be denied, that if we will only let the first stalled car bide there will soon be others blocked behind it, from which an ample team of pushers can be recruited. All being anxious to get on, all will, as he puts it in his pleasantly pastoral way, muck in. No need whatever should arise for outside, or more strictly inside, intervention.

The slightly less hefty of the two agreed that his friend had the rights of it.

Drawn together by this bold and revolutionary plan my original co-helpers and myself engaged in a low-voiced discussion, from which it presently emerged that all of us were comparative newcomers to the countryside, emigré Londoners who had each acted as he had from a belief that the others would despise him if he did not. Now, in the face of the calm, cool and utterly sane counsel of the true countryman, we agreed that we had no wish to put ourselves forward or to attempt to be *plus ruraliste que le rustre*. An air of peaceful seclusion descended upon the bar, the fire in the generous hearth, undisturbed by frequent openings and shuttings of the door, glowed with an even flame, and I myself pulled my shirt cuffs down over my wrists to dry and turned once again to the misfortunes of migratory quail.

Outside, in the cold dark world of winter, the noises multiplied. There were shouts, corporeal thumps, and now and

again an ominous metallic clang. Curiosity after a while led me to the door and I looked out on a scene at once magical and vivacious. The lights of some half-dozen cars blazed and glittered on the snow, and cast against this fairy background huge blue sub-human shadows that lunged this way and that or threw out gesticulating limbs to the furthest limits of illumination. Two cars had been manoeuvred almost to the summit of the hill, but there they had been held because, I think, those who had pushed them thus far feared that their occupants might simply drive on and away, without pushing in their turn. Thus there were now two blocks instead of one, and no apparent plan or agreement about the next development. People stood about in groups arguing. A man whose overcoat had been mistaken for a sack was trying

to show it to a girl, who asked him, without sympathy, whether he had been wearing it at the time. There was no order, no method, no sense of service. Towards the back of the line two men were actually pushing a car downhill from the front while two others at the back strove to push it up. In a clear space before the inn a tall woman, in such a rage that she would I am sure have stamped her foot had not her ridiculously long heels become embedded in the snow, was screaming "It's *our* turn now!"

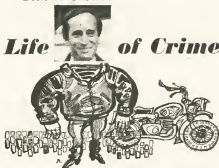
The spectacle saddened me and I went indoors again. But afterwards I thought struck me and I was a little cheered. Half a dozen more motorists at least are likely to remember in future that snow falls on high ground in greater quantities than on low.



Spod

BRIAN GLANVILLE

My Life of Crime



THEDORE REIK, the Viennese psychoanalyst, once wrote a brilliantly cogent and suggestive monograph called "The Unknown Murderer." His starting point was the intense and apparently morbid interest that we all take in murder; its incidence, its detection, its eventual punishment. Inexorably and meticulously, he traced this to the presence of unconscious guilt, to our lurking anxiety that the murderer be caught, so that we ourselves could thus be exonerated.

By the same token it seems to me that my uncommitted crimes, conscious and unconscious, are infinite, so that I barely know where to start. Though in fact I studiously pay full fare on the tube when I haven't bought a ticket, have not hit anybody since I was sixteen years old, nor kicked anybody since last playing football.

Most of these uncommitted crimes were crimes of violence, and any interest there may be probably centres less in the crimes themselves than in the reasons why they were not committed. Why, for example, did I not indulge the fantasy of kicking Miss X round and round a literary cocktail party until she could no longer sit down to write her envious, venomous reviews?

Every writer, I imagine, has moments when he would like to commit bodily assault on a reviewer. For myself, it is not the hostile reviews which I resent, though obviously I could do without them, but the bandful which are clearly malicious. This one was a beauty; so much so that I had letters and telephone calls asking me what I had done to the woman to elicit what one letter called a "little scream of hatred."

The answer was... nothing, except to have some good reviews in the past.

We had met once, very briefly indeed, at a party; I remembered her as a stragulated creature, with the shy smile of an embarrassed fat girl. She'd carefully accused me of being unable to do all those things which I had been praised for doing in the past; and, indeed, on that same day, in one of the literary weeklies. The aetiology of it was plain enough; her own coruscating start, the years of bitter sterility, the building of a new, splenic reputation based on the sneer and the vindictive revaluation.

The reason why I should still like to kick Miss X's behind is that, our society being what it is, she has since flourished as a malevolent critic in a way she could never flourish as a creative writer, on a tiny, flickering talent. The reasons why I have done nothing about it must, apart from the fact we have never since

met, be fairly plain. Hit a male critic, as Hemingway once hit Max Eastman, who had accused him of a "false hair on the chest" approach to life, and you are within your moral, if not your legal, rights. Assault a woman critic, however spiteful, and you are on your way to ostracism at best, the police court at worst. Little by little, that vicious little nib is turning up its own grave, but one cannot physically hasten the process.

One may look a little deeper than this and say that sheer conditioning has a great deal to do with whether we commit, or do not commit, crimes, particularly of violence. The more primitive the society, the less the degree of sublimation, the greater the tendency to act out the violent fantasy. Thus a Glasgow football supporter will ply his broken bottle on the terraces of Ibrox or Parkhead (or in the streets of Sunderland, if it comes to that) where the Tottenham fan may merely threaten violence, the supporter of the Corinthian Casuals barely admit it to consciousness.

If you live in a society where physical conflict is frequent—it might be the United States of America, prison, the Army, even a public school—you will not think twice about translating anger into action. Indeed there is a theory, concerned with repressed aggression and the ways of adrenalin, which says that it is more healthy for you. But if you have been brought up in a gentle, civilised society like our own, the possibility of violent response is minimal. As often as not it is ritualised. Rugby football, for example, is by any objective standards a game of violence and brutality, yet it is played by the most unexceptionable products of the public school, whose normal manner may be almost inhibited.

I can think of a crime which I might well have committed myself on a football field last season had I been cooked, as an Italian football manager once put it, in a different oven. My Sunday team, the Chelsea Casuals, were playing against one of their most redoubtable opponents—one of the banks. At half-time, on a heavy, muddy field, there was no score, and although we were now to play against the wind, the slope and the rain, there was every chance that we might save the match.

BRIAN GLANVILLE—aged 34. Educated Charterhouse. Sports columnist and chief football correspondent for the "Sunday Times"; still plays left-back on Sundays for Chelsea Casuals. Lived in Florence and Rome between 1962-4. Author of three books of short stories and eight novels, the latest of which is "A Second Home."

Other contributors: Monica Furlong and Nicholas Tomalin



a crime at all. I thought it a masterpiece of detection and ultimate action, though it seemed to me utterly and profoundly wrong that Eichmann should eventually hang (just as, in a more trivial context, it seemed barbarous to me that the train robbers should receive thirty-year sentences. Again, it was characteristic of our materialist society that gravity should be assessed less in terms of the viciousness of the crime than in the size of the haul).

The man in the blue mini-car who put two bullets through a Fascist leader's window the other day had a good deal of my sympathy, though I think he was attempting to crush a nut with a sledgehammer; I wasn't quite in the car, myself. It reminded me of Aldous Huxley's fantasised murder, in *Point Counter Point*, when the Fascist leader Everard Wehley, an altogether bigger fish, is murdered, more or less for kicks, by a discontented intellectual, and his body left under a tarpaulin in an abandoned

car. This tied in with the feeling of impotence in the 'thirties, when for a long while the Blackshirts were allowed to run riot by a tolerant Government and a benign police force. But in the 'thirties it was worth knocking off a Fascist leader; today it would be a silly self-indulgence.

This doesn't alter the fact that, in principle, there are certain kinds of violence which, even in our own society, have to be opposed with violence. Hilaire Belloc, in one of his nastiest little couplets, wrote:

Pale Ebenezer thought it wrong to fight.

But Roaring Bill, who killed him, thought it right.

I don't think it is right, but thinking it wrong is not inconsistent with being equipped to do something about it if someone else thinks it right. Which leads me to suppose that if ever I am to commit a crime it will inevitably be crime by retaliation.



THE WINNERS

"Business has been slow since the Congo, but I see a definite chance here to make a clean buck"—thus Captain Jess Meade, one of the independent pilots for whom UDI has meant airlifting charters galore. He could also have spoken for the Texan oilman who last week despatched fourteen thousand tons of his own to Rhodesia, and for gun-runners everywhere. Some parasites, however, have managed to keep their activities quiet—until now.

ELEVENTH-HOUR MERCY DASH BY LATIN TYCOON

When Argentinian financier and philanthropist Senor Martin Bormann found himself with twenty thousand tons of contaminated corned beef on his hands, he little realised the severity of the famine in Basutoland. It was not until this week that Senor Bormann discovered that half the population was on the point of starving to death. Immediately he saw where his duty lay. Realising at once that the impoverished Basutos would be totally incapable of paying for the beef, he decided on a revolutionary and typically selfless course of action: the beef was sold, for little more than its market value, to the World Health Organisation, who will now be able to distribute it to the stricken Africans *entirely free of charge!*

Interviewed in his Buenos Aires penthouse today, Senor Bormann waved away suggestions that his charitable and speedy action might have saved thousands of lives. "Just say I happened to be in the right place at the right time," he said modestly.



Senor Bormann

TASHKENT TALKS AN OVERWHELMING DISAPPOINTMENT

The apparent success of the Tashkent peace negotiations between India and Pakistan has come as an enormous and shattering blow to journalists throughout Britain, and one from which many of this country's finest correspondents and gourmet may never recover.

"It's all come as a terrible shock," was a typical comment in

one Fleet Street wine-cellar. "All the plum Vietnam and Malaysia jobs have already gone, and I was relying on the old Northwest Frontier patter to see me through the next couple of years. I suppose it's back to *The Easton Andrews Show* and motor manufacturers' bribes to make ends meet."

Another top-flight expert, asked how long he could continue in his present capacity as a leading opinion-maker, said: "Well, I've already done my speculative piece, my cynical piece, and my international ramifications piece, so I can't say I hold out much hope. I've had all my bloody vaccination shots, got my tropical kit, everything. That's the trouble with India—as I've been saying for the past three years, you can never trust these bastards to jump the right way."

Newspaper proprietors, on the other hand, were jubilant. Apart from a considerable saving on foreign correspondents and experts, they expect profits from Holidays In India advertising to be one hundred per cent up on the 1965 figures.

VAUDEVILLE STAR RETURNS TO GLORY

One of the most encouraging developments of the war in Vietnam has been the emergence from retirement of Mr. Neville Cleet, the ninety-five-year-old Tasmanian ventriloquist.

Seventy years ago, Neville and his dummy, Boris, were the darlings of the illiterates, deportees and failures then flooding into Southern Australia, and until 1910 they enjoyed enormous fame and astronomical wealth; with the rise of more sophisticated taste, however, and the arrival of a female Irish juggler, the popularity of the Neville Cleet Ensemble waned and died. But now, suddenly, the whole of South-East Asia lies at their feet once more.

Australia has a serious entertainments commitment in South Vietnam," said a Government spokesman today, "it is ridiculous that the US should bear the entire brunt of entertaining those involved in this crippling war. We called for volunteers, and Mr. Cleet was the first, and indeed the only, entertainer to step forward."

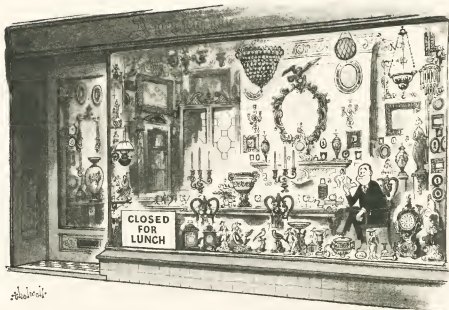
When reporters called at his lean-to, Neville Cleet, supported by his nurse, was rehearsing one of his immortal soft-shoe routines, and trying to sing "Goodbye Dolly Gray" without moving his lips.

Boris unfortunately succumbed to woodworm during the early 'thirties, but Mr. Cleet fully believes that a similar effect may be achieved with a turnip and an old sock. The team is being parachuted into the Mekong Delta at the end of the week.

HIGH HOPES FOR INDONESIA SETTLEMENT

Imperial Biological Industries Ltd., which has been working on a Government-supported project researching into the peaceful uses of nerve-gas, has almost completed the first stage of its experiments. Addressing shareholders at last week's annual meeting, the Chairman of IBI said:

"Naturally, as the Minister made clear in the House last autumn, the first stage in the development of these humanitarian techniques and systems is often the trickiest, as the Americans discovered at Hiroshima. We at IBI admit that we have a number of bugs to iron out of the device, but we shall be testing it under typical conditions in Borneo, and possibly Aden, and I and your board of directors have high hopes that its future will be settled to everyone's advantage. Or shall I say almost everyone's?" (Laughter, and some patriotic cries from the larger stockholders.)



THE CATSMEAT OF OLDE ENGLANDE

by Alan Coren

THE other morning, as I was sitting amid the ruins of Empire and picking dispiritedly at the infuriatingly international reportage with which British newspapers is currently stuffed, my eye fell suddenly upon a gobbet of English cultural grandeur which set the arteries singing and had me wondering whether giving India away hadn't been a bit premature after all.

BOSS JOINS MEAL BREAK FOR A DOG'S DINNER ran the coruscating headline; but I have learned to take headlines with a pinch of codeine and would have turned the page but for the fact that the rest of the paper was crammed with inconsequential verbiage about napalm and famine and race riots. So I read on. The tale was set in a dogfood factory in Nantwich, Cheshire, and this unforget-

table scene having been conjured up, the *Daily Mirror's* local Dante introduced his first character, a certain thirty-nine-year-old Fred Tresidder. In case the fact has slipped your memory, Fred is a salesman of dogfood, and one's heart naturally shoots out to him; luckily, he turned out to be the hero of the story—I don't think I could have stood it any other way. Fred's earliest contribution to the plot was to, and I quote, "challenge forty-six-year-old Walter Elbson, boss of the dogfood manufacturers for which Fred works, to sample one of the firm's products."

Please, don't get ahead of the story. I felt the same reaction as you—that this was simply the *Mirror's* euphemism, and that the salesman, hauled up on some minor infringement, had told his boss to

eat the bleeding stuff himself and then gone off to Tahiti with a pallet-knife and a tube of yellow ochre. Not so. What in fact happened was that the boss, on hearing the invitation, "said he would if the office girls did it." Now, I don't know much about Mr. Elbson, but I can tell a natural leader when I see one; faced with an employee requesting that you sink your incisors into a succulent dish of Doggynosh, you have to be able to delegate responsibility, and it also says much for the awe in which Mr. Elbson is held by his typists that they complied. My own personal laurel goes out to his receptionist, eighteen-year-old Brenda Grant. "Actually," said Brenda, "it tasted all right. It's just the idea of eating dogfood that puts you off at first." Well, Brenda, I have a large circle of friends,

and we'd all go along with that statement to a man. The man we'd probably go to would probably be the secretary of your Union, because it's a big, nasty world for eighteen-year-olds, baby, and you need someone to look after your interests, believe me. You may not realise this, but receptionists don't *have* to eat dogfood.

Meanwhile, back at the working lunch, most of the administrative staff including by this time the boss himself, symbol of the New Britain, seemed to be tucking in to the stock. He commented: "It's very tasty. I just hope the dogs like it." Which brings me to the nub and focus of the whole lunatic incident, and its representativeness of all that is understood by the word England, especially in those environs where the national sport is kicking in the windows of the British Embassy. The object of this bizarre exercise instigated by Salesman Fred was not, as you might have thought, to bring the working population of Nantwich, Cheshire, to its knees, retching and shrieking, but (a) to see whether the stuff was fit for canine consumption, and (b) to hit on a dynamic new method of flogging it to them. Since, at this juncture, I'm a little too weak to go on, let the *Mirror* take over for a bit.

"Fred said if there were no after-effects, he would sample a tin of dogfood in front of every customer he called on. Now Fred is eating a daily mouthful of dogfood—getting in practice for his sales tour."

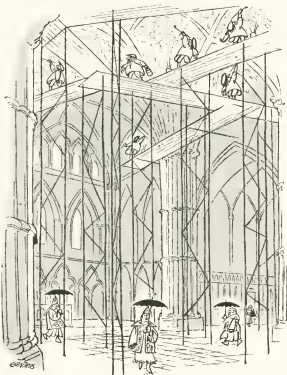
With men like that, who needs ITV, free plastic beachballs, green stamps, margarine tests, or subliminal brainwashing? America may think she holds the world in thrall when it comes to putting a product across, but I'd like to see David Ogilvy standing on the doorstep of 14a, Mafeking Terrace, spooning lumps of catmeat into his face.

It isn't difficult, of course, to see what brought Fred to this pass: clearly a dogfood man to his fingertips, not to mention his palate, he quite obviously lives for the Product and little else. He must, like most of us, have spent all his evenings in watching television, which over the past ten years has developed into a continuous, inter-related epic, an Oberammergau *festspiel* in which all the parts are taken by dogs, cats, goldfish, and budgies, supported by such bit-players as pedigree dog-handlers, housewives, mouse-fanciers, pet-lovers, and so on, with occasional breaks being forced

into the saga (for light relief) by slivers of Wednesday Play, Bernard Braden, Ena Sharples, and the Meteorological Office. He has watched talking dogs foisting their culinary whims on idiot owners, budgies bouncing with health, cats knowing what's best for them, and all the rest of the dire anthropomorphic capers rammed down the throats of the captive gogglers by what the advertising profession calls its creative departments. And Fred, a little more enlightened than the rest of us, a little more dedicated, suddenly saw that what these boys were doing was skirting the real issue, hopping about on the fringe of the transcendental Truth—that in England the moment has been reached when we must step over the thin line that still separates sympathy from empathy, that we must stop

patronising our dumb friends, and begin identifying with them. It's probably the only sort of democracy that most Englishmen understand; at least, on the evidence of court cases, public outcries, popular demonstrations, and those incessant mawkish newsreels of disaster areas, it's pretty clear where our true love and respect for our fellow-beings lie. It's easier to drum up tears outside a knacker's yard than a battlefield, and a far, far better thing to save a fox for democracy than a Vietnamese.

But it took Fred Tresidder, dogfood gourmet and prophet, to go one stage further. Fred knows that if dogfood and catmeat is to be sold upon England's mountains green, then human beings must be made subservient to animals; clearly, the true Englishman's mission is



to prove, by eating the stuff himself, that canned horse-liver is fit for animal consumption. No doubt, if Fred's lead is to be followed (and the odds will be heavily in his favour when other entrepreneurs and admen get wind of the news) the lawns of our suburban paradise will soon teem with salesmen eating ants' eggs, budgie seed, fish-heads, and nourishing cattle-cake, playing with rubber bones and balls of wool, and injecting themselves against distemper, hardpad, and psittacosis.

And, with the millennium at our throats, there's just one little misconception I'd like to correct. The next time some joker comes up and whispers in your ear that he's seen a West Indian tucking into a Kittykat sandwich, you can tell him from me he's lying in his racist teeth. When it comes to opening up new fields of exploration and endeavour, it takes a true-blue, red-blooded, pure white Englishman to lead the way. And no damned immigrant's going to steal our thunder.

STAR OF THE MORNING

by Basil Boothroyd

I HEAR that since his success at the Connaught Rooms the Prime Minister has been increasingly in demand as a breakfast guest. He carries a certain prestige. As Mick Jagger told me, after entertaining not only the Prime Minister but the Lord Chief Justice and Mantovani, "If you can get Wilson you can get anyone, bar a Beatle. He isn't stuck-up. First thing he did was raise his glass of champers and yell out 'Hello, my darlings.' Then before we'd stopped laughing he was asking Cathie McGowan where she bought her trousers."

He recently headed Cilla Black's guest list (others present: Dr. Leavis, Viscount Montgomery, Manfred Mann and the Picture Editor of *Honey*). "He doesn't say very much," said Cilla, "but he

pretends to be interested in everything."

Wrestler Jackie Pallo, who has also had the Prime Minister to breakfast, says that he has a natural affinity with the world of entertainment, and is very "easy." "I was demonstrating the step-over leg-lock on Lord Hill," Jackie told me, "and accidentally knocked a plover's egg on to Wilson's knee. He just laughed, and went on chatting to Sydney Thompson and his Old Tyme Dance Orchestra. He's great. The only condition he ever makes is no publicity."

ITA Met-man Laurie West, whose guests also included the Garter King of Arms, *Coronation Street*'s "Elsie Tanner" and Norman Vaughan, was impressed by the Prime Minister's grasp of matters outside the political sphere. "There was



"If you must know, it was an invitation from Premier Kosygin to Mr. Wilson and Mr. Smith to meet him in Tashkent."

nothing I could tell him about the weather," said Laurie.

Most predictable host so far: Ken Dodd. Most unexpected, a traffic warden responsible for a hundred meters in Great Portland Street. (There's a catch here, though: the warden had in former days been known to millions as Mr. William Rushton. Wilson accepted.)

These morning meetings of minds certainly seem to have come to stay, and I hear from well-informed sources that other members of the Government often angle for invitations. The chances of getting a private word with the Prime Minister have diminished lately, as the pressures of both foreign and domestic affairs build up. When it mysteriously leaked out that he would be attending the Sandie Shaw breakfast, both Sir Charles Snow and Mr. Frank Cousins arrived uninvited. "I had to ask them to leave," said Sandie. "What with Danny Blanchflower, the Mitchell Choir and Lord Snowdon we had a full table already." I understand that both Sir Charles and Mr. Cousins were to have given breakfasts of their own, but were unable to raise the required numbers.

Incidentally, I can tell you that there is no truth in the rumour that Norrie Paramor wouldn't go to Frankie Vaughan's breakfast unless the PM accepted first, a rumour that Norrie is anxious to check. "You can't afford a reputation for stand-offishness in our business," he said. "The true facts are actually the other way round." However, the PM was there, of course, between the Bishop of Southwark and Michael Chaplin, with Miss Peggy Herbyson, Minister of Pensions, across the table—she and Wilson talked about the *Dick Van Dyke Show*. "We can discuss the pensioners any old time," laughed the PM.

Several breakfasts had to be postponed during the Lagos conference, including Jimmy Tarbuck's. It's doubtful if they can be got in now. Other Wilson hosts up to the end of January already include Eamonn Andrews, Stratford Johns, Pete Murray, Dusty Springfield, Spike Milligan (of course) and Lord Mills. This last invitation is believed to have been accepted in error, the PM being under the impression that it was one of the Bertram Mills family.

"He is very much at home with circus people," Mrs. Mary Wilson told me. She added that she's hoping to get him to breakfast herself some of these days.



"Do these come under the National Health?"

VERY SQUARE PEG

by R. G. G. Price

"I'm in favour of fox-hunting but against tax-free capital gains."

"Then I'm dreadfully sorry but we shan't be able to use you on the programme."

The Associate Director's expression changed from a weary promise to be interested by anything remotely interesting to complete disengagement. He was only low-grade labour and promotion depended on saving his boss from being worried by people and leaving him to brood over ratings, which were so low that he had to describe the programme to his boss as a prestige bid. It was put on at midnight and consisted of speakers who happened to be free then and were not too expensive. They sat around with the look of people doing relaxation exercises and commented on the earliest editions of the morning papers, wittily, sharply, knowledgeably and, above all, like lightning. This man was obviously not going to fit in.

"I'm afraid you don't seem to have quite the sort of mind we're looking for. We have to preserve a balance between

Right and Left; the Party machines keep a very careful eye on balance. That explains Norman St. John Stevas: he's Conservative but unconvincing. There would be all sorts of difficulties if we used a speaker it was hard to pigeon-hole. You need someone reliable, like Michael Foot or Victor Montagu.

"Surely these Party machines are used to Don't Knows and Independents?"

"We have an agreed list: Not sure about the effectiveness of sanctions or Don't like to commit themselves to a Party that's soft on Vietnam. We used to be able to get by with Liberals, like Jeremy Thorpe, but now they count as a Party."

The applicant, who had been sitting eagerly forward with parted lips, like a compulsive talker wanting to get full value out of a short train journey, emphasised the gently rugged aspects of his vast face.

"I thought I might get on to the panel as the Voice of Rural England and then branch out. I'm for pesticides and for

stopping the featherbedding of farmers."

"Do please look at our problem, Mr. Scott Ling." He wished somebody from Personnel could see his weary charm: one must never forget that in this business everyone is a consumer. He envied his sister, who was a spy and was always being set up in little shops. "Don't you see that the Chairman must be able to call on the next speaker for the opposite point of view? Of course, one doesn't want the wrong side to win; but the losers have to be given some sort of show. Moony can give a damn good one. The Chairman would never be able to guess what your opinions were likely to be. They're not very coherent, are they?"

"There's too much of this coherence. It leads to tyranny."

"That's very interesting, but it's not quite the point, is it?"

"If it's interesting, let the public bear it."

"In any case, I don't think agriculture and so on is likely to come up much. At that time of night it's an urban audience." He found he had lost control. He was no longer a man qualifying for a pension by hiring and firing but the holder of the losing end in a conversation. The walls of his meagre office seemed to press down on him, while Scott Ling expanded, benignly remorseless as a detergent.

"Oh, but Mr. Haverwood, I'm not a narrowly rural speaker. Take my views on World War I."

"I suppose the early editions might just possibly contain reviews of books on it but..."

"I believe the only man who could have made a success of Gallipoli was Haig."

"Yes, one does see that opinion might have rarity-value. How would the discussion continue, though? The Chairman would never be able to strike a balance. He would need something like *Western Front v. Eastern Front* or *Haig v. Lloyd George*."

"If the *Western Front* came up, I should argue that the great mistake was substituting tanks for cavalry. Horses are intelligent; tanks are not. If a man fell off his horse, it could still go on and bite the enemy. The morning papers might have something on *Finance and Economics*, mightn't they?"

"Very likely. The panellists would split two and two between those who wanted to increase the size of the national cake before increasing the size of the shares and those who thought you would never get a bigger national cake until the size of the shares had been increased. Only *ex-Observer* economists like Andrew Shonfield are allowed solo performances."

"I'm the average man and that's what people like, the average man's inconsistency, unexpectedness, seeing all sides of some questions. I want massive deflation and cheap money."

"They're opposites! Or at least I

rather think they are—used to be."

"Like most people you know the words but aren't perfectly sure what they mean. Well, they're desirable opposites. I'm in favour of low prices, high wages, full employment, competitive exports and plenty of spending on pensions and schools and the Arts. Also I think banks ought to tout for borrowers, not freeze them off. These are widely held views and deserve to get a hearing. It's the job of politicians to make it possible for us to have our cake and eat it too."

Haverwood called on all the effectiveness that had slowly seeped away during the interview. He pitied anybody who had to direct this man's contribution into the right channels. Then he thought of how much he disliked the programme's Chairman, who had reached the position like a chamois, a crooked chamois, while the backroom boys in their frayed backroom suits plodded on to sustain him in the public's adulation. He even had his jokes written for him by a scriptwriting outfit. They were delivered by taxi. By taxi! The daydream of losing the applicant in the studio became sufficiently pleasant to make him want to keep him sitting there a little longer.

"Don't you see, Mr. Scott Ling, your eclecticism, I think that's the right word for it, makes it impossible to use you? We have a very carefully constructed machine and I'm afraid performers just have to fit into it smoothly. You wouldn't

STEAK HOUSE by SPROD



"If you have to ask the price you can't afford it."



"I think I'll settle for a couple of nice beef chops."



"Now you, sir—you have a question?"

expect your bank, since you mentioned banks, to alter their computers just because you wanted your statement drawn up differently from other clients' statements. You wouldn't expect the Post Office to redesign their sorting machinery just because you felt like using a non-standard envelope. You wouldn't expect to get your pudding without custard when there was custard

on the menu. Well, we have to ask our panellists to be co-operative too. Who could the Producer pick to balance you?"

"Why, another born crossbencher, of course. Someone who wants to nationalise steel and denationalise gas."

"Aren't we being just the tiniest bit cussed?"

"There's nothing comes across better

than cussedness. Why haven't you asked my views on Sport? Not quite interviewing me in depth are you, Mr Haverwood? I was reading something one of your bosses was saying the other day about shortage of material. I might have a word with my MP. I shall be seeing him on Sunday; he's my brother-in-law."

"Do let's have your views on Sport."

"I'm all for Boxing and Wrestling because they cause blood-lust in the audience and that leads to good, practical support for the United Nations. No blood-lust, no peace-keeping. I'm against rock-climbing because it's difficult to bet on. I'm also against gardening; it's low. Stamp-collecting's all right. There have been royal stamp-collectors. Sports with an aristocratic background, like Polo, have greater spectator interest than proletarian sports, like Soccer, because aristocrats look more dignified in disaster. Shall I cover Birth Control too? I'm against it because it adds to the bloated profits of the pharmaceutical industry."

"It's very kind of you to take such trouble to explain where you stand. You'll be hearing from us; but I shouldn't pin too many hopes on a favourable reply. Yes, you wanted to add something?"

"I certainly do. I can't expect to be considered unless I come clean on teenage vandalism, can I? I believe it's all due to boredom with the National Health. Good morning."



"I don't think she's ever seen a *rare* steak before."



"When I say well done I *mean* well done."

YOU DRIVE A CAR? YOU NEED A POLITICAL PARTY

THE AIMS AND OBJECTS OF THE NEWLY FORMED INDEPENDENT MOTOCRATIC PARTY ARE PRESENTED IN THE FOLLOWING MANIFESTO

IMP BELIEVES

- That the Life and Dignity of the Motorist must be safeguarded against speed limits, fog restrictions, accident-prevention busybodies and legislation of any and every kind.
- That Fast Driving is Good Driving, and Speed an End in itself, even if sticky.
- That Pedestrians should be got underground, one way or another.
- That the Motorist's inalienable Rights are Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of the Car in Front.
- That Motorists are the Master Race, should park where they choose, hoot on as many notes as they wish, and ENJOY REPRESENTATION IN PARLIAMENT.

IMP INTENDS

- To contest Parliamentary Seats wherever possible, adopting such suitable candidates for Election as Mr. Stirling Moss, Mr. John Surtees, Mr. Jim Clark and (at a pinch) Mr. Donald Campbell.
- To become the Government.
- To replace existing roads with twelve-lane motorways.
- To abolish bicycles.
- To remove any and all obstacles, be they urban or rural, to the free and speedy passage of motor traffic.
- To establish a 7 a.m. Curfew for Pedestrians, except in scheduled walking areas.
- To institute university Chairs of Motoring.

HOW YOU CAN HELP

GIVE YOUR SUPPORT!

IMP has come into being for YOU. The least you can do is to join it. A Membership form is embodied in this pamphlet. Complete it today. The Motorist has one over-riding allegiance: to the Cause of Motoring. IMP will, of course, develop subordinate policies—on international oil, for instance; on the under-motorised nations; on the planning of cities. But its primary aim is the greatest happiness of the greatest motoring numbers.

GIVE YOUR TIME!

The Party cannot succeed without nation-wide agitations, demonstrations and protests. Volunteers are required in large numbers. Plans for suitable action will also be welcomed. Suggestions are already under consideration for the organisation of Party workers who will

1. Ram parked boats.
2. Deflate police-car tyres.
3. Mask speed restriction signs.



JOHN SURTEES



STIRLING MOSS



JIM CLARK

4. Break up Ministry of Transport press conferences.
5. Lie down in the road before Royal or Ministerial cars.
6. Paint out the white bits of zebra crossings.
7. Transmit Party slogans by loud-hailer.
8. Kidnap traffic wardens and hold them as hostages.
9. Participate in massed drives into selected town centres.
10. Join in periods of continuous and communal night hooting.

Members who object that these and similar activities are against the law should remember the Suffragettes. They changed the law. With your help, so will we. When Britain is a land fit for drivers to drive in, you will be proud to have chained your car to the Downing Street railings.

Send in your name, address, bhp and registration number NOW, with list of badges carried if it will amuse you, marking your envelope "Volunteer."

GIVE YOUR MONEY!

Once IMP is in power, finances will be no problem. The betterment of the Motorist is our principal aim and purpose. Not only will the entire proceeds of Road Fund Licences be applied to that end, but heavy allocations be seized from other Departments, notably Agriculture, which has for so long obstructed the Motorist with tractors and other criminally slow-moving vehicles.

But we must rely for the present on voluntary contributions. To make matters as simple as possible for you, all Service Stations will shortly be appointed authorised IMP collection centres. Watch for the announcement in the motoring press.

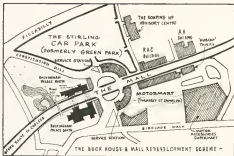
You are asked to make a contribution of sixpence only to the Party Funds for every gallon of petrol purchased.

Statistics show that, with full co-operation from all Motorists, this will yield, in a single year, £3,150,000, or enough to drive a four-lane tunnel through the Cotswolds. Next year, the Quantocks!

But, please note, money only. Several sympathisers have already sent old cars and accessories. These, though we applaud the motive, are more trouble than they are worth.

SOME FACTS AND FIGURES

- Over 1,500,000 British adults still have no motor-car in their own right . . .
- . . . and many of them are Old Age Pensioners.
- A Fulham man who took and drove away a police patrol car estimated its speedometer to be more than 2 mph fast.
- Yellow paint for restricted areas cost the tax-payer £78,000 in 1963, £217,000 in 1964, and £218,000 in 1965.
- No connection has been conclusively proved between petrol fumes and the respiratory diseases . . .
- . . . but doctors admit that prolonged blowing into a breathalyser could aggravate a heart condition.
- Britain has more than 42,000,000 whole- or part-time pedestrians and 19,000,000 whole- or part-time dogs.
- Of every 100 accidents, 88 are caused by dangerous bends, inadequate road surfacing, unreliable weather conditions, stomach cramps, or other circumstances outside the motorist's control.
- Made over to tiered parking, St. Paul's cathedral could accommodate 14,000 cars, and take a 900 overspill in the churchyard . . .
- . . . and the cost of the conversion would pay for itself in seven months.
- Motoring "offences" absorbed 986,444 magistrate-hours during the three summer months of 1965.



From our booklet "A Faster Britain," it shows the IMP plan for an unrestricted thoroughway from Admiralty Arch to Chelsea, bisecting Buckingham Palace.

WHAT WE HAVE DONE SO FAR

With a Party as new as IMP, progress is bound to be slow at first. We have not been idle, however.

- A deputation has twice called on Sir Gerald Nabarro, MP, but he was out in some of his cars on both occasions.
- The Duke of Bedford has agreed to do anything within his power to help motorists to reach Woburn more easily.
- Application has been made to Sir Hugh Greene for party political broadcasting time, but his decision is still awaited.
- No reply has yet been received from the Duke of Edinburgh, who has been asked to advise on the Party's public relations.
- It is hoped for favourable mention on Radio Caroline, Radio London and Radio 390.
- A telegram has been sent to Mr. J. Grimond: "This is the party you are looking for." No acknowledgement has been received.
- All the leading figures in the British Motor Industry have been sent a letter setting out the aims and purposes of IMP. Enthusiastic and encouraging replies were received by return of post from all of them, those specialising in the faster car being particularly sympathetic.

Form of Application

Complete and post TODAY

I hereby apply for Membership
of the
INDEPENDENT MOTOCRATIC PARTY

I wish to support the IMP because I believe that the motor-car was made for man, not man for the motor-car; that Castle should go where Marxles went; that Motorists are an oppressed majority; that it is time for the Bloody Revolution.

NAME ADDRESS

REGISTRATION MARK MAKE TAXATION CLASS

MAX. SPEED DATE OF LAST ACCIDENT

NAME AND ADDRESS OF NEXT OF KIN

I am not a police officer, traffic warden or car-park attendant.
I would/would not blow into a breathalyzer.
I declare my answers to the above questions to be correct in every respect.

(Signature)



DESERT ISLAND REELS

Jonathan Miller's
years of ecstatic cinema

I WAS only six when I saw my first movie: Walt Disney's *Reluctant Dragon*. I can remember nothing about it except that I was more thrilled at the time than I have been by anything else since. All that remains after twenty-five years is the mood of the moment—the sickening excitement, the raucous aniline brilliance and the vomiting when I got home. Since then I suppose I must have seen thousands of films and although there have been highlights nearly everything has evaporated, leaving only formless hints of satisfaction behind. But for all that films have been an extremely important influence in my life. Working in a chronic underhand sort of way they have changed my mind's eye which now sees the world through movie-tinted spectacles. I can hardly imagine how it would be to see things any other way—I can only try to reconstruct what has happened by some sort of free association.

First of all there was the business of getting used to films as a medium. Quite apart from the story, they bent the attention into all sorts of strange shapes because of the odd way they are put together. After more than twenty years it all seems very matter-of-fact but in the process of getting to be like that, in the act of becoming humdrum, films must have altered my mind quite radically. Nothing in real life quite corresponds to what we see in the cinema. The rapid changes of scene, the jumps into close-up, tracks, zooms and pans just never occur in nature. But our brain is so versatile and our perception so accommodating that after only a few visits we come to accept it all without a second thought. In fact it's very hard to sympathise with the confusion of an adult seeing a film for the first time. When natives in East Africa were shown training films of basic tropical hygiene they were quite unable to read the message of the show. They were thrown by the movements of the camera and puzzled by the blowflies fifteen feet long. It's only by considering the reactions of a naïve audience like this that one can begin to appreciate the massive adjustment which has to be made when enjoying a film. As it is, even our blasé facility depends on the functioning of an intact nervous system. I remember seeing a patient in hospital who had suffered severe brain damage following a car accident. She had lost her speech and also had paralysis down one side of her body. As her recovery went on all these functions returned. After a year she could speak and understand everything that was

said to her. She seemed quite normal. Until she went to the movies, where she was completely at sea. She was quite unable to follow the story as it jumped from scene to scene without the helpful transitions of walking, riding and all the other means which show how people get from one place to another. Hearing her talk about it I suddenly realised how piecemeal film experience really is. They always say that the mark of a good film editor is that his audience should be quite unaware of this disjointedness. But even with the best editor in the world film is unavoidably hitty. It's only an abbreviated reconstruction of reality and before reality can be read into it we have to become effortlessly familiar with the code or convention of film narration. In the act of becoming familiar and finally unconscious of this convention our way of looking at the real world outside the cinema itself changes.

So much for the effect of overall style. But films also introduced me to new places—America in particular. I can hardly remember what I saw in the first ten years of movie-going, but somehow, while it was going on, America became surreptitiously familiar. It wasn't just a question of skyscrapers and checkered cabs. Working on the imagination of an English wartime child the movies, most of which of course were American, provided images of a miraculous El Dorado—of a cheerful Canaan full of comfort and cracker-barrel generosity. Also these films made America funny—a unique residence of jokes, laughter and good humour. Funny things happened and were said in England to be sure, but somehow only the Americans seemed to be able to harvest comedy, like everything else, in such golden, billowing abundance. It was a Yankee speciality and all of a piece with the candy one got from GIs, who also seemed funnier and more drawlingly kind than everyone else around at the time. The United States was the place where Goofy came from. And Donald Duck and the Three Stooges. American films made their war seem more glamorous than ours too. As a result I wanted to be an American soldier more than anything else in the world. Their army seemed more modern and more masculine. Whenever our chaps came up on a newsreel screen they seemed old-fashioned and plucky—reminiscent of these sepia Tommies I had seen in old illustrated histories of the First World War. But in films like *Back to Bataan*, *Guadalcanal Diary* and *God is my Co-pilot* everything seemed slick, slouching and tough. They also seemed to be fighting in much more interesting places, with dazzling beaches and bosky jungles. Our war by contrast seemed to be going on in a drizzling downpour, up to the axles in mud, in places which didn't look much different from the outskirts of Willesden.

By the end of the war I was at a cap and blazer establishment doing prep at nights and, like all middle-class children, forbidden to go to the movies except on well-established educational occasions like *Henry V*. So for the next five years my movie experience was almost entirely illicit and therefore totally delightful. I lived on secret jabs of newsreel, which I obtained at the old Cameo Poly in Regent Street. I wallowed in private Technicolor and sat round again and again to see James Fitz-



JONATHAN MILLER—Born 1934; educated St. Paul's School and St. John's College, Cambridge; graduated as a Dr. of Medicine, 1959; wrote and appeared in "Beyond the Fringe" in London and New York. Returned to England, 1964, and edited "Monitor" on BBC Television. Directed Leo McKern in Plate's "Drinking Party" on BBC Television.

Last contributor: Peter Dickinson.

patrick travelogues. Much of my geographical knowledge today is made up of fossils from that period. A specialised canon of newsreel shorts became deeply ingrained and even now I can repeat whole swathes of that whacky facetious commentary from Pete Smith featurettes: "This guy thinks he's a wise guy. But is he? Oh, Oh. No he is NOT. Oh, no! He's going to handle the power plug with wet fingers. Not so wise! Wowee. Is his face red? Mmmm. Bye now." Now the Cameo Poly has turned into a proper movie house showing serious foreign films, and all that freshness of a dream has vanished from the earth.

I saw only two full-length films during that time and both of them were British. They seeped into my imagination to become the foundation of what small mystical feelings I now have. I slipped off one Saturday afternoon on the pretext of going for a row on Regent's Park lake and saw David Niven and Kim Hunter in *A Matter of Life and Death*. Until then I had never thought about heaven or had any of the larger experiences, but seeing that majestic staircase slanting up into the night sky awoke all sorts of vague oceanic feelings, which I can still bring back with perfect vividness to this day. It was my first encounter with the mysteries of altered consciousness and from then on I yearned in the midst of my drab school life for the sort of ecstatic trance which David Niven enjoyed after getting knocked on the head in an air crash. Schoolboy life seemed very constrained and ordinary, but this movie suggested that ringing infinities lay inside one's own head, and that a minor surgical disorder gave one a key to this vastness. I can still remember the opening shots of the film with the camera tracking through a night sky full of galaxies and nebulae

with a sombre voice saying "This is the universe. Big, isn't it." Saying this over to myself at the age of thirty still gives me an ecstatic frisson. I saw the film again less than a year ago and of course it all seemed incomparably tawdry then. The celestial escalator had "Pinewood" written all over its flimsy construction and the scenes in heaven just seemed scratched and tatty. But an essential aura remained, and when the long forgotten "staircase" music started up I found myself once again slipping off into a dreamy state. I got the same sort of lift, perhaps fainter though, from another Powell/Pressburger film called *Black Narcissus* with Kathleen Byron and Deborah Kerr. This one took place in a nunnery on the foothills of the Himalayas—a fatuous story I now see—but I can still remember the thunderous mystery of those mountains, which, coming so soon after the celestial escalator, threw me into a state of sentimental, adolescent Zen. Time has stiffened my spiritual fibre since then, but those first abstract intimations of the transcendent remain and whatever adult feelings I now have about the matter are given substance by the rotten commercial images put out by these two movies. For in that strange woozy period of psychological latency films tend to work like this, quite independent of quality, and memorable only for the way in which they catch and express the shapeless moods of immaturity. No matter how clearly one remembers films seen in adult life, and of course memories start to crowd in with all sorts of extravagant detail then, nothing quite comes up to the booming crescendos of emotion set up by films which were seen before the mind was securely strung and when the whole keyboard of feeling could be excited by one evocative image.



"He's bone idle, but you must admit he has a way with animals."

YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE AN ALLOWANCE

by E. S. Turner

ARE you happy in your work? Are you gouging as much as possible out of your employer?

The Home Office, eager to recruit civilian instructional officers for prisons and Borstals, is offering "£62 environment allowance," apparently to soothe those applicants whose spirits might wither, or whose apprehensions might ripen, in a penal atmosphere. The environment allowance is not new, but millions who have never heard of it will wish to examine the possibilities of claiming in respect of service in public conveniences and glue factories, or in almost any town north of the Trent.

In the prison service the payment of environment allowance does not depend on the establishment being a remote one (it is offered at Dover and Market Harborough), but those serving in lonely jails receive what is, in effect, an isolation allowance. The lighthouse service has its equivalent in the rock allowance paid to men serving in rock lighthouses; a source of envy, perhaps, to their comrades stationed on flat islands or mainland cliffs.

A survey of job advertisements shows that hardly anyone these days fails to qualify for a special allowance. Many receive more than one. There are subsistence allowances, shift allowances, stand-by allowances, sleeping-in allowances, sleeping-out allowances, hard-lying

allowances, trip allowances, boot allowances and many of that ilk. There are also qualification allowances, payable to persons who have the qualifications for the job for which they are hired. Power line-men receive an out allowance, to compensate them for going out of doors (and probably herdsmen now get an in allowance for serving in veal factories). Air stewardesses are paid flying allowances because aircraft sometimes fly and also away-from-home allowances because aircraft sometimes fly overseas. Need one mention that workers in travelling post offices receive travelling post office allowances, plus trip allowances? People in responsible jobs expect to get responsibility allowances and some of them, like youth leaders and managers of old folk's homes, draw special responsibility allowances. An industrial sales representative may be paid what is romantically called field allowance, to offset the rigours of dining and sleeping in Trust Houses. If there is anyone in Britain without a car allowance, the fault must be his own.

It is well known that a person posted to the Big Smoke is entitled to a London allowance. What is less well-known is that a radiographer at a hospital at Dartford can get an allowance in lieu of a London allowance. The possibilities here are ripe for exploiting. Surely those mainland lighthousemen could claim an allowance in lieu of a rock allowance? Or



an ambitious office boy could draw an allowance in lieu of a head of department allowance?

For years, nobody has gone abroad except to pick up allowances. A senior works superintendent who yields to the blandishments of the Federal Government of Nigeria is paid an inducement allowance. Why else would anyone go to Nigeria? A person accepting a post overseas will expect to receive most, if not all, of the following: a disturbance allowance, a removal allowance (distinct from the disturbance allowance), a kit allowance, a separation allowance (even if he hates his wife), an expatriation allowance, a foreign service allowance, a children's education allowance, an installation allowance, a relocation allowance (if he is moved up-country), a zone allowance and, in due course, a repatriation allowance, followed with any luck by another disturbance allowance and another installation allowance on returning home. He might even try to wangle an inducement allowance for returning to Britain. To a man slogging away at a dull job in Britain

Next Wednesday's Punch

WOMAN on TOP
by Larry

TEST MATCH SPECIAL
by H. F. Ellis

MISLEADING CASE
by A.P.H.

this showering of allowances on people who go off to live in wonderful climates, wasted on by servants, may seem a little invidious. Well, let him agitate for an allowance in lieu of an expatriation allowance.

If one cannot think of some disagreeable feature of one's job to justify a special allowance, the thing to do is to ask for a supplementary allowance, or just an allowance. The Central Electricity Generating Board understands this very well. Advertising for a programme engineer in the £1,460-£1,849 salary range, it says: "In addition a £60 per annum allowance is paid." Nobody, not even the income-tax inspector, needs to know

what this £60 is for; it is just an allowance. The Board is also trying to recruit assistant engineers (relief) with the lure: "... plus £233 13s. shift allowance, plus £70 London allowance, plus £60 allowance."

Many employers conceal special allowances under phrases like "substantial fringe benefits," but the normal grasping wage earner wants to know exactly what he is getting. Here and there will be found an employer who is manifestly trying to dodge paying a special allowance. A brewery firm looking for an administrative type says "the successful applicant would not necessarily have to reside in Burton-on-Trent or district." This looks like an attempt to avoid paying environment allowance in respect of domicile in Burton-on-Trent. Sometimes the nature of an allowance offered remains obscure. What, for example, is the dependency allowance payable to English translators working for the United Nations in Geneva and New York? It cannot just be a dependants' allowance. Someone might care to send a stamped and addressed

How to Live Longer

ATTEND, I do not often sing to you
To make you healthier, but now I do.

The word coronary does not come down
From *cor*, the heart, but from *corona*, crown;
And I, for one, pronounce it in this way
Whatever medical young men may say.

Thus can the poet get the modern curse,
Coronary thrombosis, into verse.

"Modern," I say. This fashionable bane
Is not described by Shakespeare—or by Jane.
It's not a thing those knights in armour had,
Nor is it mentioned in the *Iliad*.

It is, as many other evils are,
Almost coeval with the motor-car.

But now, they say, it is the reason why
One-fifth of those who die in Britain die.

There are two schools of thought. One tells you flat
It comes of taking too much animal fat.

This breeds Cholesterol: and so they damn
Such lights of life as butter, milk, and ham.

The other school insists, with my applause,
That these nutritious foods are *not* the cause.

They know of Africans who eat and drink
Fats all the time—but always in the pink:

And when they die, which is extremely rare,
You'll find that no Cholesterol is there.

The reason is, these enviable men
Take healthy exercise from 10 till 10.

But we, the best and brightest in the town,
Spend nearly all the daylight sitting down.

Not Sloth, not Indolence, have damped our fires
But the soft slogging that Success requires.

We sit to work in motor, bus, or train,
Sit at our work, and, homing, sit again:

The "active" man, forever in a fuss,
Must do more sitting than the rest of us.

The more he telephones the more he sits,
Yet exercises nothing but his wits.

At golf they use the little legs, no doubt,
But other men must cart the clubs about.

Tycoon or Clerk, accept the same prognosis—
You're heading for *coronary thrombosis*.

Be your own caddy; be afraid of chairs;
Ignore that lift and saunter up the stairs.

Do not by jet whizz over to Quebec;
But go by ship and march about the deck.

And no retiring to "a life of ease"—
For here's the certainty of heart disease.

It will be best not only for your soul
To weed the garden and bring in the coal.

And pray each evening for a transport strike—
Thus you may live as long as you would like.

— A.P.H.

envelope to the Palais des Nations, Geneva, to find out.

It may be that the rage for allowances was originally inspired by the dockers, with their claims for danger money, dirty money, beetle money and all the rest. Nowadays white-collar workers cannot afford to be left behind. Why not a red-brick allowance for provincial lecturers? A chastity allowance for priests? A loss-of-face allowance for whites working out their contracts under black autocracies? An exasperation allowance for National Health doctors?

Bonuses, of course, are another story. But it is worth noting that the firm of Wimpeys, advertising for a quantity surveyor, very recently promises a completion bonus, presumably for completing the job. Incentive bonuses are often awarded, too. Perhaps the way to get Britain out of the red is to pay a doing-the-job bonus (or allowance) to everyone?



"Of course I'm going to wear it at the office—why should the pannies have all the fun?"

ERIC W. MAKEPEACE — Offshore Stalemate!

Yesterday, while liners stood dressed over-all, while police-boats played J. S. Bach's *Vom Himmel Hoch Da Kommt' Ich Her* on their sirens, while a thousand fire-boats veiled Manhattan Island in an unbroken curtain of spray, and while squadrons of F-111s traced his genealogical chart in the cloudless sky, Eric W. Makepeace stood two hundred yards offshore from Pier 88, and refused to surface. In a message conveyed by the squid, in whose company he has spent the past six weeks, the rediscovered *Punch*-sponsored solo sub-Atlantic walker claimed that he had no intention of moving until his grievances had been aired and satisfied. As six million New Yorkers swarmed over the Henry Hudson parkway for a glimpse of the arriving hero, as ten thousand policemen stood at attention along the seaweed-covered length of Fifth Avenue, Eric W. Makepeace defiantly stood his ground in protest against the non-recognition by the UN of the Atlantic, whose eight thousand million citizens the British submarine claimed to represent. Mayor Lindsay, who had sailed out to the escort-boat *SS Asafotida* accompanied by five astronauts, Hedda Hopper, Miss Rheingold, the board of directors of General Motors, Peter Dinklage, and the Fifth Ave. Temple Choir, returned ashore to tell the four thousand assembled reporters and strip-cartoonists: "It's dead-lock." Eric W. Makepeace insisted on pointing out that while America claimed to be the curator of democracy, tolerance and free-

dom, she was nevertheless consuming the inhabitants of the Atlantic at the rate of two hundred million per week, a reign of terror unmatched in what he described as the annals of time. The sea-food industry, encouraged by the neo-fascist lackeys in Washington, had escalated over the past ten years to the point where the entire piscine civilisation was threatened with utter annihilation. That the world's largest people's democracy should be on the point of being pitilessly butchered without any representation whatever at the organisation which purported to constitute the world's government was obscene and lunatic. At the announcement, the crowd grew dangerously ugly, and the delegation from the American Legion threw their hats into the Hudson and went off to stone the Russian Embassy, as police moved in to quell a number of sporadic fights which had broken out between butchers, fishmongers, vegetarians and longshoremen. Several teach-ins convened immediately, and a group calling itself the Racially Integrated Freshman Christian Democrats Waterborne Friends League started marching towards South Dakota. By dusk the whole question had been tabled for immediate consideration by U Thant, but in the meantime the Staten Island Ferry has been fitted out with a glass bottom in order not to disappoint the million schoolchildren who have paid two dollars each for a chance of seeing a Commie madman at first hand.

THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE ANNIVERSARY BUSINESS

by Angela Milne

A *Daily Mail* article celebrates eighteen years and 4,385 instalments of Mrs. Dule's radio saga. Surely this is either two years or 415 instalments too soon? Or, in the year of Westminster Abbey and the Great Fire and the Norman Conquest, has anniversary fever gripped Britain to the final extinction of its time sense?

From a *News Item*, January 1966

"There is no need to panic," said president Sidney Hoop at the annual meeting of the Society of Centenary Celebrators. "Rather, we must strive to keep our standards high and ever prefer quiet accuracy to jumping the gun with the big stuff."

"Let us face it, 1966 is a year that sees anniversaries poised for the take-off as never before. But, if we stick to our exacting professional code, we shall have our rewards. On October 14, when the country should be celebrating the Battle of Hastings but will already be sick of it, we shall be at hand with our news that this date marks also the fiftieth birthday of *The Tailor and Cutter*." (Cheers.)

From a *News Story*, April:

Three-mile traffic jams on all roads leading from the Derbyshire market town of Dredgebury brought pre-Easter holiday chaos for six hours yesterday.

Meanwhile, round the usually quiet cobbled streets of the Shopping Precinct, staves clashed and pointed caps flew. For the pageant marking the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the first Dredgebury Hiring Fair had got caught up with a celebration of the famous Penny Loaf Protest March held just three hundred and ninety-seven years ago next November 12.

"The stupid Loaf lot were coming up the road we Hirings wanted," explained Stephen Fritter, fifty-eight, nursing a black eye. "You'd think the clots could have waited another three years for the official whatsit."

Exclaimed teenager Joe Diggs of the Penny Loaf side indignantly, "This is the official whatsit. Granddad Fritter

just isn't on the ball. But what can you expect of a man whose shop sells tropical-weight suits in June?"

From an Obituary, July:

Veteran journalist Gordon Cake, whose death by drowning is reported, died because he had no quadricentenary to live for.

Ever since 1958 this shy, lovable personality had been collecting material to commemorate the death on September 5, 1566, of Suleiman the Magnificent. "I'll have my piece written a good three weeks ahead," he had told friends.

Those of us who smiled at his simplicity nevertheless respected Cake, a journalist of the old school, for his Victorian belief that there was a time for everything. October appeals for Guy Fawkes pennies got short shift and he would wince when newspapers brought out their Summer Holiday Travel Supplements in January.

So, when that Sunday colour magazine appeared last week with its fateful headlines, we were not surprised to learn of the tragedy which took from us an old and valued friend.

Ironically, Cake would have celebrated his ninety-fourth birthday on December 13. It is doubly sad that he will not have the Nearly A Hundred Years Old Party a group of his friends were planning to hold a few weeks earlier.

From a Gossip Column, October:

First in the trend field again, Lady Antonia Fraser is holding a party on Thursday to commemorate the Factory Act passed in 1833. Like she said, that's one hundred and thirty-three years ago and as good a non-round figure as any.

"Though I'd have preferred to wait a year and make it one hundred and thirty-four, because that's our laundry mark number," she told me. "But we have to celebrate now so as to get the wigs from the hire man. He'll need them all next year, when so many people who never got around to it in 1955 are commemorating Dr. Johnson's dictionary."

From a News Item, November:

Charged at Bow Street for being drunk, Ben Hatchet, sixty-nine, said he was honouring the memory of the sighting of the Armada, which had occurred on a Tuesday. "Or," he added, "if it wasn't on that day then it was on some other." The magistrate fined him five shillings.



FLEET STREET

by Francis Williams

THERE is nothing so difficult to report fairly as a war. And for the British press there has perhaps been none more difficult to cover objectively than the war between India and Pakistan. It is therefore perhaps appropriate that on the morrow of the Tashkent agreement—as the people of India devote themselves to the sad task of finding a successor to Mr. Shastri—there should be published a report on how far the British press did in fact succeed in steering an objective course in its coverage of hostilities that aroused such deep emotions throughout the Commonwealth.

The report has been prepared by the Press Institute of India which arranged a seminar in New Delhi to analyse war coverage, immediately following the cease-fire. Its conclusions so far as they deal with the work of overseas war correspondents, particularly British, have now been published by the International Press Institute.

What inspired the investigation in the first place was the feeling of a large body of Indian opinion that the reporting of the war in the British press had been heavily biased against India and in favour of Pakistan. Clippings were made available by the United Kingdom High

Commissioner's Office of reports published by the main London dailies and Sundays.

The result is much more to the credit of the British press as a whole than might have been expected from first impressions. It shows a much finer balance than most Indian opinion believed to be the case at the time—perhaps because when emotions are deeply aroused any attempt to give both sides tends to be thought of as an hostile act. If anything, indeed, the Indian side was more fully reported than the Pakistan. In a difficult situation readers of British newspapers were, with some reservations to which I will come, not too badly served.

The UK High Commission's own analysis was that so far as news reports were concerned fifteen per cent were pro-Pakistan, twenty-four per cent pro-India and sixty-one per cent "objective." When it came to comment Pakistan was somewhat more favoured. Eleven per cent of the comments analysed were judged pro-Pakistan, ten per cent pro-India and seventy-nine per cent "objective." After scrutinising the cuttings the Press Institute of India, which started out very conscious of the suspicions of Indian public opinion that the British press had been predominantly on the Pakistan side, came to the conclusion that broadly speaking the UK High Commission classification was reasonably fair.

However, close examination of the various reports brought to light an interesting fact that helps to account for Indian reactions and may, or may not, always have been appreciated by British readers. This was that although there were more pro-Indian news reports than pro-Pakistan and comment was on the whole fairly evenly balanced, a large number of the pro-Pakistan reports were



"Mrs. Haggerty's only been off two days and already you're sitting in her chair."



"I've chosen this as my last resting place—before I get a job, that is."

positively anti-Indian to a degree far exceeding any propaganda bias to be found in those reports classified as pro-Indian. Although their newspapers did their best to give equal weight to reports from both sides many of the correspondents with the Pakistan forces seem, indeed, to have identified themselves with the Pakistan cause. Claims that operations had demonstrated that "one Pakistani soldier is worth three Indians" and that Pakistan had gained "complete command in the air" which were subsequently shown to be unfounded were uncritically accepted and cabled home.

So was the official Pakistan line that India was determined to turn Pakistan into an Indian satellite and that this was basically a Hindu-Muslim war.

In part the reason for this, it is suggested, was that most resident correspondents (and there are not very many of them with knowledge of the background to events and of the balance of forces) operate from New Delhi and remained there during the war, while those covering the Pakistan side were for the most part reporters flown in for this assignment; the latter had no special knowledge of their own to draw on.

As a result they tended at first to accept the Pakistani line with much less caution than their colleagues in New Delhi brought to bear on their official sources—although they did grow more responsible as time went on.

The Pakistani authorities were also more forthcoming and less bureaucratic in their treatment of war correspondents than were the Indian authorities. They were much more willing to give them facilities to go to forward areas and let them see action for themselves. As a result, although editors and news editors in London did what they could to keep a balance by running dispatches from Rawalpindi and New Delhi alongside each other, the first-hand dispatches from Pakistan were usually much more vivid and stole the headlines.

Even when the correspondents in New Delhi finally persuaded the Authorities to let them go to see for themselves, far too often by the time they got to the front the war had moved elsewhere and their stories were overtaken by events. The difficulty of "getting at the war" was the main complaint made by correspondents questioned by the Press Institute of India.

Nevertheless what comes clearly from this survey is the very genuine effort made by most British newspapers to strike a fair balance. In so far as there was bias, it was in the main neither deliberate nor due to malice, but arose from the simple fact that the Pakistan Authorities took more pains to give correspondents the facilities they asked for. There is no propaganda equal to that of letting reporters go to see for themselves.

LETTERS

The Editor welcomes correspondence but reserves the right to use extracts as space allows.

Patrons Awake!

Sir—In the article under the above heading, E. S. Turner writes, "Archbishop Temple once asked a Yorkshire County magistrate if he had been able to find a suitable candidate for a certain village. 'I've got a first-class fellow,' the magistrate said; and when asked how this paragon was discovered, replied, 'Advertised for him in *Horse and Hound*—capital fellow!'"

I was very interested in this, as I happen to be the candidate in question. Actually, my eldest brother, a "constant reader" of *Horse and Hound*, saw the advertisement, and made an application on my behalf. Possibly the fact that the patron and I had

both served in the same Middle Eastern campaign had something to do with my being offered the living. The kennels of two notable packs of hounds were in the village, and in one sense I had some of the happiest days of my life while incumbent; it is doubtful whether my parishioners were equally appreciative of my ministrations. (Name and Address supplied) "CLERICUS"

Booking at the Old Vic

Sir,—Having just read your theatre critic's piece in *Punch* for December 29, we would like to tell you how grateful we are for the first detailed and accurate account of our booking system that has yet appeared in the press. A curious and quite misleading impression seems to have got abroad that the Old Vic is permanently tilted to the roof by insiders and that the general public is kept out at pistol point. Mr. Kingston's patient explanation of the realities will save your readers (and us) a great many headaches.

Once again, we thank you.

KENNETH TYNAN
LAURENCE OLIVIER

The National Theatre

A Materialist Utopia

Sir,—I grieve for you that you're been worrying yourself over the Prodigal Son. I think you had better not read any more of that particular book, or you may find it difficult to sleep o' nights. In particular I should warn you against the parables of the lost sheep and the labourers in the vineyard, and you had better steer clear of the Martha/Mary episode too.

A materialist society, however Utopian in its aspirations, is still a materialist society, and Our Lord evidently had an idea that there might be more to life than that.

Stroud, Glos.

JOHN MALCOLM

Has Makepeace Gone Red?

Sir,—Your recovery team on *SS Auschwitz*, sponsored by the *Punch* Back Numbers Department, has been searching in vain for Eric W. Makepeace in the Atlantic.

Eric's latest position was revealed in a recent communiqué from the White House in which President Johnson stated: "Makepeace with Vietnamese." The statement was later confirmed by a Vatican spokesman. Need I say more?

Glasgow

RONALD W. STRANG

THE OPTIMISTS

by GRAHAM



"How about a penalty, ref?"



"Detached . . . freehold . . . about half an acre of easily kept garden . . . near schools . . . on bus-routes . . . around £4000 . . ."



"Er . . . Miss . . ."

continued—

THE OPTIMISTS—continued



"Seven spades!"



"I've got the funniest feeling about tonight."



"Good turn-out?"



"If it's on time at Charing Cross we'll just have time to grab a taxi, nip across to Paddington and catch our connection."



"... and here, rhododendrons . . . masses and masses of rhododendrons."

Banker's Ramp?

HIGH interest rates are good for banks—bankers have always been strong advocates of monetary discipline—and the Big Six evidently did very well in 1965. Just how well, only they themselves know. The present Companies Act allows them to salt away against some future emergency as much of their profits as they choose and to publish only what they think it proper for shareholders to know about. Their accounts are more misleading than ever this year because they have not declared (with one honourable exception) how much of the apparent increase in their profits is due to Mr. Callaghan's change in the basis of company taxation.

It is prosperity, perhaps, which is tempting the banks to forget the losses they incurred when they last moved into a large new field of business with the offer of unsecured personal loans, and to take note instead of what is happening across the Atlantic. The credit card—which entitles its holder to sign the bill rather than pay cash in any restaurant, hotel or shop that recognises it—is much more widespread in the United States than it yet is here. One reason for this may be that US banks are more local (branch banking is generally forbidden) and more competitive; the fact is, however, that US banks found their first experiments in the credit-card business unprofitable and are only now beginning to realise its scope.

In Britain, until recently, the two main credit-card schemes were operated by UK Diners' Club and American Express, both with a membership tiny by American standards. Then things began to happen. First, the US Diners'



Club put in a bid for its British namesake; at the last moment, when the deal was all but completed, the Westminster Bank put in a counterbid and managed to pick up 40 per cent of the shares—enough to qualify it for a useful working partnership in this field with Chase Manhattan. Second, Barclays announced that, with the help and advice of the Bank of America, it hoped by the beginning of June to launch a credit-card scheme of its own, with 40,000-50,000 suppliers on the list and a target of one million customers by the end of its first year of operation. The banks usually move together: the rest will have to move fast, however, if they are to catch up.

Barclays is plainly thinking in big terms—the one million members it is aiming for would make its scheme almost as large as the leading US schemes. It will be open to every "responsible" person (the translation of this into terms of salary and status is not available), whether or not they are at present bank with Barclays, and will

entitle members to draw cash from any branch as well as credit from all supplying firms. To be introduced in the Midlands first, it will be extended to the whole of Britain and then to all the overseas countries served by Barclays DCO and Barclays (France), and reciprocal servicing arrangements are to be made with the Bank of America. The launching costs will inevitably be high and bad debts may be troublesome at the outset, but the bank will have taken a long step towards attracting a wider public.

And the scheme itself may turn out to be highly profitable in the long run. The member himself pays nothing, not even a membership fee (though bills not settled within twenty-five days will be charged interest at one and a half per cent a month) but the hotels, restaurants and shops who join will have to pay Barclays not only an initial fee but a commission on credit sales of three to five per cent. In its general effect, credit cards are similar to trading stamps. No trader wants to hand over a large slice of his profit in commission, but many will do so in the hope of gaining a competitive advantage; eventually, when everyone is accepting cards and the banks have an additional source of steady income, the cost of commissions will come to be regarded as normal and passed on to the public in higher prices. The higher prices will have to be paid, of course, whether or not you like credit cards—this is the inevitability of progress.

Barclays, the largest of the Big Six and an innovator as banks go, stands to gain a lot if its scheme is successful. The shares yield just under four and a half per cent.

—LOMBARD LANE

D. G. Champs

WHEN the crane driver reported that he had collided with a wallaby in the North Yorkshire Moors National Park, I felt that the wallaby's welfare wasn't his immediate concern. His worry was the Law, and so he was reporting the mishap to me, the village policeman, thinking it was an accident reportable under the Road Traffic Act of 1960.

I had to explain that there was no obligation to report the incident to the police because, no matter what had happened to the wallaby, the affair wasn't an "accident" under current legislation. Happily, the wallaby wasn't killed, but we never knew its injuries because it hopped away in a most blasé manner to live in untroubled bliss somewhere in the local scrub.

The crime was legally a motor vehicle but the wallaby wasn't legally an animal, as the Road Traffic Act says that only eight animals can be involved in road accidents; they are D. G. Champs. This is the mnemonic by which we policemen remember the reportable eight—Dog, Goat, Cattle, Horse, Ass, Mule, Pig,



Sheep—and for this provision policemen living near rural zoos raise their helmets to the legislators.

It saves work; even if your mini collides disastrously with an elephant, we don't wish to know. Furthermore the Road Traffic Act completely ignores the cat; consequently you can legally run down as many stray cats as you wish; but if you're so bloody minded, you'd be wise to worry about a charge of cruelty under the Protection of Animals Act, 1911, which thoughtfully gives the

cat and most vertebrates the status of "animal."

But the law is never absolutely clear, and I wouldn't be surprised to learn that an American buffalo is "cattle" under the Act; recently it was decided that a jennet is a horse, but this sort of thinking could lead to wolves being classified as dogs for Road Traffic purposes. And if wolves, why not foxes? Hundreds of foxes are run down at night without their deaths being legally recorded. Then our lanes are littered with squashed rabbits, hares, weasels and hedgehogs—even owls, pheasants and other birds who can't move fast enough to outpace the modern cars; thankfully, they're all non-reportable accidents, or "incidents" as we prefer to call them.

Although the larger feathered casualties, including domestic fowls, are not animals under the Road Traffic Acts, have a care before you decide to catch yourself a Sunday dinner by a snare along between your front wheels; give a thought to the Larceny Acts and the Poaching Acts—and to the local bobby who knows all the tricks.

—PETER N. WALKER



CINEMA

by Richard Mallett

ONE could hear the audience pouncing on the least chance to laugh in *The Spy Who Came In From the Cold* (Director: Martin Ritt), and being a little disconcerted when what had seemed to be impending laughs didn't materialise. People have been misled by the Bond films and all the imitations into expecting any spy film to be a send-up, and they don't at first know how to take it when one comes along that gives some idea of how genuinely unpleasant the whole business of spying must be in fact.

Not that the film is unpleasant: it is utterly absorbing, convincingly and intelligently made, and there are quite a number of wryly amusing moments, not at all out of key. Above all, it depends on character and not on gadgets. One can believe in and sympathise with or dislike the people for themselves, not because they have pocket bombs or periscopes or listening devices or even guns. Some of them may be in outline familiar: we've seen in other spy stories the sort of cold, precise, dry-voiced "Control" played here by Cyril Cusack, or the sort of brutal enemy agent played by Peter Van Eyck. In outline the essential ingredients of the story are familiar too—the chases, the "fencing" dialogues, the double- and treble-crossing, the moments of fear while officials examine passports. But here they are given a quite unusual overtone of realism.

Writing (Paul Dehn and Guy Trosper, from John Le Carré's novel), acting, direction and, notably, visuals work together to achieve this. Yet though the strong black-and-white pictures often have a newswheel immediacy—street scenes in London or at the Berlin Wall—they are composed, pleasing to the eye as well as dramatically forceful (production design by Tambi Larsen, photography by Oswald Morris).

Richard Burton is first-rate as Leamas, the spy who "came in from the cold," i.e. was withdrawn from operational duties in the field (Berlin) so as to seem—a sulky, discontented, frustrated character—easy meat for recruitment by agents of the other side in London. Claire Bloom, seeming incredibly young, gives a very attractive performance as Nan, the girl

CRITICISM

who coaches him in his (camouflage) job of assistant librarian, and simple-heartedly tries to convert him to Communism, and grows to love him, and shares his fate. There are excellent sketches of character from innumerable other people in the long cast, and the incidental detail is always perceptive and entertaining.

I found the picture very satisfying indeed. And it's honest, or at least more honest than anything we've seen for a long time, about the nasty business of espionage.

Life at the Top (Director: Ted Kotcheff) surmounts the well-known difficulties of a sequel and stands very effectively on its own, even for anyone who never saw *Room at the Top* six years ago. Again the basis is John Braine's novel, but this time the scriptwriter (Mordcai Richler) and the director are different, and only three of the original players reappear besides Laurence Harvey

as Joe Lampton. The best acting performance I think is that of Jean Simmons as Joe's wife Susan. Everybody is good, but it is she who most often rouses one's sympathy as for a real person.

The picture takes up Joe's story after ten years, when success as he originally saw it, "life at the top," married to a rich mill-owner's daughter and with an important position in the firm, seems to him not worth having. He is disregarded both at home and at the mill, and life is a drab. He finds Susan is unfaithful; his children he is proud of, but his nine-year-old son Harry has been in effect taken away from him by his father-in-law and sent to a public school ("an expensive sausage factory his grandfather chose for him"), and at one point Susan is goaded to plant in his mind the idea that his favourite little daughter was fathered by someone else.

He too is unfaithful: there, he thinks, is the way out. The attractive Norah Hauxley (Honor Blackman) is in the North as a TV commentator, and he follows her to London with the idea of making a clean break. But—this is the essential theme of the whole thing—he has grown used to the luxury of being "at the top." He lives alone in London and tries to get a job and be independent (excellent scene of his being interviewed by a committee, who purse their lips at his admissions—"No university. Mm."), but a few weeks of it are enough. He goes back to the easy life . . . and Susan welcomes him, and his father-in-law has died, and at last there he is at the head of



CLAIRE BLOOM as Nan Petty, RICHARD BURTON as Alex Leamas and OSKAR WERNER as Fiedler in *The Spy Who Came In From the Cold*

the board-room table managing to forget his interlude of rebellion.

Here too the black-and-white photography is by Oswald Morris, and constantly interesting for the eye. Again, the piece consists of basically familiar ingredients—but not fiction clichés: fragments of experience common to most people in the audience, but fascinating because of observation and character. It may be rather consciously designed on the same plan as *Room at the Top* (that opened with Joe in a train, this has him in a car, and there is a similar climactic sequence in which he recalls significant incidents and voices—including even that of Simone Signoret as Alice Asagill, who is of course not in this story at all), but the fact remains that it's very well done, full of character and striking and entertaining detail.

THEATRE

by Jeremy Kingston



JUDY CAMPBELL as Mrs. Clandon, HARRY ANDREWS as Crampton, and RALPH RICHARDSON as the Waiter in *You Never Can Tell*

IN cold weather Swiss Cottage must be the bitterest spot in London, perched on its crag with winds whistling down six converging roads. Fortunately the *Hampstead Theatre Club* stands almost on top, literally, of the underground station and less than a minute's exposure to the January night air is necessary to reach the warm and wind-free theatre. The current production is *The Birdwatcher* by the greatest farce-writer of all time, Georges Feydeau.

What gives every farce I can think of both its motive force and its power to please us is the assumption—or truth, perhaps—that every man would like to go to bed with a woman who is not his wife. Feydeau being a late nineteenth-century writer, women tend to go to bed with other men only to teach their husbands a lesson; husbands go to bed with other women because that is what husbands do want to do. From this basic situation, Feydeau constructs plots of fantastic, bewildering, crazy ingenuity: wife in the next room, lover under the bed, nephew in the cupboard, husband on the balcony, concierge at the door, police inspector on the stairs. How they are all manoeuvred into this situation would take a thousand words to explain. What starts the confusion going is simple enough—the husband who says he goes off to the country to shoot pheasants pays visits instead to his mistress—but to unravel and unravel the complicated plot that develops fills three fast-moving acts.

This century the character of farce has changed—and deteriorated—but for the quintessential, Feydeau farce a particular style of acting is necessary. It must be fast, really very fast with quick speaking and quick movements, and the characters must be presented as totally absorbed in their crises, harassed to their wit's end, permitting themselves at the most an

occasional frantic smile or harsh, forced laugh when trying to convince two other characters of the truth of two conflicting stories at the same time. What to us is so funny must be the last step to stark ruin for them.

Richard Cottrell's direction carefully observes both these rules. The actors speak staccato—like slightly fast gramophone records—and the performances give, generally, the necessary impression that tightropes are fraying and snapping above a pet marked "Stark Ruin." Michael Bates and John Bown are very funny as lover and husband, and I particularly enjoyed Prunella Scales's intent, alarmed, unsmiling wife—made up to look like an exquisitely painted china doll. I did not care for the playing of the concierge. The part seems to be written from a different level of humorous invention—comedy not farce—and if this is the case then it is a weakness in the play. But the actress looked to be striving for inappropriate laughs.

I think, however, the proximity of audience to performers in this theatre, while working to the advantage of some plays, detracts from the enjoyment of farce. The characters are puppets, instruments of the plot in an absolute sense, and although one knows, of course, that they are played by human beings like oneself, breathing and perspiring, only distance lends catharsis. I would prefer to see their desperate attempts at adultery far away on a stage quite unmistakably surrounded by a proscenium arch. When their movements rustle our programmes and some essential

barrier of illusion is broken, it is hard for those basic assumptions—or truths—to do their consoling work.

The Shaw revival continues with a disappointing *You Never Can Tell* at the *Haymarket*. Poor playing in some important roles and no more than ordinary direction by Glen Byam Shaw made this comedy seem surprisingly dull. When both Ralph Richardson and Angela Thorne (an actress new to me) were off the stage the action had a very plodding on-with-the-lines quality. Ralph Richardson plays the old waiter, one of Shaw's most engaging creations. Stoopied and fluttering, his hands at his sides, he is like an affable but disconcerting bird. Alice might have met in *Wonderland*. Unlike some of the others in this cast he can make his voice audible throughout a theatre without seeming to raise it, so that what he says always sounds like overheard conversation. As the elder daughter battered by love at first sight, Angela Thorne displays a cool beauty and a purity of voice—though she is reluctant yet to pull out the stops for the scene-closing cries at the end of the middle acts. Keith Baxter did not convey to me the radiant joy of the young man suddenly discovering himself in love, and Judy Campbell's old-fashioned Modern mother was a curiously muted performance.

By my reckoning we have seen seven Shaw plays in the West End since last January. There are about fifteen others worth doing and I expect we shall see several of these before long. I hope they are revived with more style than this one.

TELEVISION

by R. G. G. Price

TELEVISION grew up with the A. J. P. Taylor lectures, a man talking against a neutral background and all the grumblings ignored because they were irrelevant. The technician, revelling in his command of a new speciality and determined to show off its tricks, whines "It's not television" when he finds no opening for them. But television isn't just a field for making a career out of doing things no other medium can do. It's a dodge, like printing. Only the maddest typographer expects poets to make the length of their lines fit the design of the page.

Thus feeling that everything exists simply as raw material for the new techniques comes out in televising fiction. Why do it at all? What is the point? There may be some point in televising very simple plot-fiction for the illiterate. But where the writing has any quality this evaporates. The Granada *Stories of D. H. Lawrence* is a pointless enterprise. *The White Stocking*, with commercials, took an hour to watch. It takes far less to read and anybody who can't afford the paperback can get it from a public library. It was a director's exercise, conducted at the expense of a work of art. The surface of events was reproduced; but the claustrophobic Lawrentian obsession with the essentials of a human relationship was diluted by all the self-indulgent lingering on period

furniture. The scene at the firm's party, eight pages to read, went on and on. I suppose elaborate reconstruction of vanished social habits is television; but it produced a spoilt Lawrence, tepid Lawrence, over-explained Lawrence, Lawrence at sub-Lawrentian pressure. The acting of Celestine Randall, David Langton and Brian Smith gave effective professional expression to James Saunders's adaptation; but only great, wild acting could have lifted the jogtrot vehicle level with its origin. *Daughters of the Vicar*, one of Lawrence's finest, most central tales, also came out thin and slack. It was heavily altered; there were not merely changes of sequence, but new scenes and dialogue were inserted. I am not quite sure that this is ever justified with a classic; but, even ignoring the original, it was unjustified in performance. Everything was slightly falsified.

Equally ill-conceived is BBC 1's *The World of Wooster*. Here two-thirds of Wodehouse, the verbal delights, simply get sliced off. His often very funny plots are thickly encased in linguistic invention. Stripping them down is the most pointless piece of simplification since Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*. There is an additional reason for irritation. Anybody who remembers Ian Carmichael in intimate revue, with his elegance, delicacy, versatility, funniness and agreeable singing and miming, must grind his teeth at seeing him repeatedly typecast in silly-ass parts. The man who might be the best musical comedy star since Jack Buchanan and the best all-

rounder in revue since Cyril Ritchard is wasting his talents tripping over door-mats.

BBC 1's *Take a Sapphire* by Caryl Brahms and Ned Sherrin was an adaptation from a book on the Braganzas of Brazil, in which television really was used. Something was added. The book illustrations evoking Rio in the 1800s, the abrupt cutting, the fun the camera had with the fixed set and the dancers were an integral part of it. Presumably the stage rights have been snapped up. The theatre will lose the three-dimensional appeal, though there will be the wonderful Portuguese colours. Ron Grainer's music is the best theatrical score since either *West Side Story* or *The Boy Friend*, according to taste. The confection came off, funny, sad, picturesque, acid and quite unlike anything else. Many critics seem to have been watching other channels and it doesn't seem to have caused the excitement I expected. Max Adrian, Elisabeth Welch, Georgia Brown, Valentine Palmer, Patsy Rowlands and John Wood provided the cast it deserved.

The Liars, Granada, seems to be an old-fashioned entertainment, an adaptation that employs all the tricks but unprofitably. What seem like magazine stories of the 'twenties, however eminent their authors, are linked by the device of having them told by members of a family that prides itself on its lying. There are no openings for interesting acting and the enterprise never justifies the trouble and expense lavished on it.



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Barclays Bank

Mr. John Thomson's Address

The following are extracts from the Address of the Chairman, Mr. John Thomson, which has been circulated to the Stockholders.

Our net profit for the year shows a substantial increase over 1964. One reason for this is a growth in our resources. There are, however, two other factors for which we claim no credit. First, a high Bank Rate averaging 6.4 per cent, enabled us to make profitable use of our funds. Secondly, Corporation Tax, even at the highest rate forecast to date, requires less provision for tax than the former Income Tax plus Profits Tax allocation. In addition the transition from the old to the new tax formula has enabled us for 1965 to increase substantially the amount transferred to the Reserve Fund. This is because, for the current fiscal year only, we do not have to account to the Revenue for tax deducted from dividends.

We are recommending a final dividend of 7½ per cent making a total for the year of 14 per cent. This represents a rise of 2½ per cent for the second year running and anyone who became a Stockholder in the first half of 1963, and who retained the stock he received in the capitalisation issue of August 1964, would have seen his gross income from his investment increase by over half.

Increased dividends are sometimes frowned upon as inflationary and against the public interest. On the contrary, if inflation lies in increasing productivity, new capital must be generated. Savings and the ownership of a stake in the country's prosperity by way of equity investment should be encouraged by bigger distributions when justified by earnings. This paves the way for the modernisation of our economy and is beneficial and not hostile to the interests of the wage earner.

GROWTH OF BUSINESS

As I have said, there have been special factors, but the most important to us is the general growth of business throughout the Barclays Group, whose deposits now total £3,484 million, an increase of 8 per cent on a year ago. The Group now has 7½ million accounts, more than half of which are current accounts. The two youngest children should be specially mentioned. Barclays Bank of California, jointly owned by Barclays Bank D.C.O. and Barclays Bank Limited, formally opened its first branch in San Francisco on the 2nd December 1965. Barclays Export Finance Company Limited, officially born on the 27th July 1964, achieved in its first year's operations a turnover of £3,894,000, taking part in over 8,000 transactions with 62 different countries on behalf of 152 exporters.

EXTENSION OF AUTOMATION

We are in no way short of opportunities for the extension of our business into other fields, but in present conditions it is not solely a question of profitability. The National Plan may or may not present an accurate forecast but it does make it clear that neither brains nor pairs of hands can be wasted if the nation's ends are to be made to meet. We are pressing on with automation so that the

maximum time and energy of our skilled Staff is devoted less to routine duties and more to Customers' special requirements. We plan to spend a further £8 million on machinery over the next three years.

The computers we shall be putting to work will enable us to look after many more accounts more cheaply and as efficiently as we look after them now; but if these machines are to be the good servants of the Bank which we expect them to be they must do more than that. They must supply us with a good deal of information about our business, which we can now obtain only slowly and laboriously, and they must help us to give to our customers services which they may like to have and which so far we have not been able to provide.

One such service is the credit card scheme which we have just announced. We look upon this as a natural extension of ordinary banking facilities. For a long time we have had the cheque; more recently the credit transfer; and now we have the BARCLAYCARD as a convenient and easy way for the everyday shopper to make his payments for all kinds of goods and services without the use of cash. We particularly want the use of the Card to be widespread throughout all sections of the community. Of course there are risks in any new venture on a large scale but we hope to train our computers to help us to keep them to a minimum and to do all the book-keeping as a part-time occupation in between other tasks.

THE BARCLAYS GROUP

It took us more than 200 years to achieve 2 million current accounts in the parent Bank by 1958 and the next 7 years saw an increase of very nearly 1 million more. This is a record of which we need not feel ashamed. What is disappointing is that we have not yet made more headway with eliminating time-wasting and dangerous procedures. We shall strive to relegate counter queues and the 'bumping about' of an unnecessary bulk of cash and robberies to the remotest history of banking.

In these times of restraint it is too easy to dwell on frustrations but it would be wrong to feel that the Barclays Eagle should be depicted in a cage. The exciting thing about Barclays Bank is that it is not just a large bank with 2,472 offices in England and Wales but the parent of a Group of banks with 4,200 branches in 45 countries. Each of these branches has its own problems ranging from the complexities of the monetary centres to the seasonal financing of some local crop on which a small community depends for its livelihood.

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	1965	1964
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Reserve Fund	£44,500,000	£37,500,000
Current, Deposit and other Accounts	£2,305,459,583	£2,158,138,317
Investments	£286,377,101	£255,095,166
Advances	£1,126,140,602	£1,106,258,211
Net Profit	£13,591,506	£3,258,243

Copies of the Directors' Report and the full text of the Chairman's Address may be obtained from Barclays Bank Limited, 54 Lombard Street, London E.C.3.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING FOR THE YEAR 1966 WILL BE HELD AT THE HEAD OFFICE, 54 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON E.C.3, ON THE 9TH FEBRUARY 1966.

Booking Office



Farewell to Blood

by PETER DICKINSON

I MUST have read over two thousand thrillers and whodunits in the past seven years. Not every word of them remains etched on my memory, thank heavens, but there they are. They cannot now be unread by me; they stand in tottering piles upon my backward landscape—the pillars of some never-completed ruin in the desert of my wasted hours.

Now, quite suddenly, I find that I have stopped enjoying them. Even the very good ones no longer provide that trance absorption from which one has to be dragged, by wife or work, like a teenager being scolded out of bed in mid-morning. Thus, I think, is the effect that readers of escapist literature are after, which explains why the thriller can never really make the jump from being a frivolity to being a serious novel. The necessary roundness and solidity of the novel create a world into which one can perhaps escape, but which turns out to be little different from the world one is escaping.

I wonder, for instance, how many of the millions who bought John Le Carré's *The Spy who Came in from the Cold* got what they wanted out of it. It is a remarkable and interesting book (though, I now think, a great deal less credible than it seemed at first) but chilly, grimy and rebuffing. And Patricia Highsmith's studies of minds on the fringe of sanity—surely their criminal element is no more than an ingredient in a straight novel; it might, in altered circumstances, have been religion or big business or sport.

Not that I am not grateful to all those writers who have made modern psychiatric theory familiar to thriller-readers. At least it means that it is now almost impossible to write the sort of whodunit which ends with the murderer, now obviously insane, pointing a quivering pistol at the rest of the cast as he explains, between cackles, the details of his cleverness. The whole genre of whodunits is in a bad way, in England, at least. I can hardly remember one which seemed to me even reasonably water-tight, with clues that the reader could build a logical structure on, and which were not susceptible of several different explanations. The Americans still take

a great deal more trouble over this.

On the other hand, I prefer the English thriller to the American. The Americans, however well they write, seem to like their goodies too good and their baddies too bad, and to assume that all their readers will take the wickedness of the world-wide communist conspiracy for granted. There is, among a very varied group of English thriller writers—Le Carré, for instance, Gavin Lyall, Len Deighton, William Haggard—a sense that the world is a great deal more complicated than that; and this allows for complexities of motive and action that entirely suit thriller-writing, even if they are no truer to the real world than the naïvetés of the Americans.

There are, of course, an amazing number of very bad thrillers published: four descendants of *The Saint* are still going strong, all living in armour-plated Mayfair flats with loyal comic manservants and driving supercars through the night towards their rendezvous with villainous traps which they escape by implausible expedients. The level of English produced in this field is as low as in anything that sees print. Presumably the equivalent American crop is not thought worth exporting.

Oddly, it was an American thriller, *Aground* by Charles Williams, which seemed to me the most satisfactory I read. This was about the struggle between an experienced yachtsman and

two professional criminals; the moment he tried to compete on their own terms he was knocked flat, so he had to win by seamanship alone. It sounds a very simple idea; one would think that there were plenty of other fields to which it could be applied, flying, mountaineering, several sports, mining, banking even, but too many writers gave their heroes a knowledge of guns, or karate, or something. Dick Francis's horsemen may be the harbingers of a welcome new trend.

Of the trends I have seen come and go, the most obvious is the Bond revolution and counter-revolution. Not that either is as much of a revolution as it seems. Leslie Charteris was writing stories in the mid-thirties which, with a slight heightening of style and a few more knowing details, could easily have come from Ian Fleming. And as for the anti-Bonds, Simon Harvester has for years had a very workmanlike line in cynical, driven, overburdened, cranky spies. There was Ian Jeffries, too.

The trend I was gladdest to see go was that of the frightened female. This hapless creature was nearly always a widow with one small child, who managed to get completely isolated, either socially or geographically, and was then toyed with by mysterious and malignant forces. There was often a dog involved.

Farewell to her then, and farewell to all the rest. My betting is that the anti-heroine will make the running in 1966, but I shall not be there to see her do it.

COLLECTED INTELLECT

Fifty Years of the "New Republic"

Edited by Robert B. Luce Allen and Ursin 35/-

These seventy-odd pieces of crackjack journalism begin with Walter Lippmann's putting Mr. Rockefeller in the witness stand sometime in 1915. ("When he read with warm emphasis that 'combinations of capital are sometimes conducted in an unworthy manner, contrary to law and in disregard of the interests both of labour and the public,' we wondered whom he had in mind.") They continue, by way of Thomas Wolfe's ugly vignette of domestic Nazism (1937) to Honor Tracy's hilarious assessment of Graham Greene as Catholic novelist.

In between we have Rebecca West on feminism, Edmund Wilson on the Scottsboro Case, and Lionel Trilling on the drama of Eugene O'Neill. The stars of each decade emerge through a mirror of gifted and individual appraisal: Duse, Lindbergh, Coudé, Gandhi, Robert Frost, Nehru, Henry Miller, Marilyn Monroe. "Intellect," writes Shaw somewhere in these pages, "is a passion; and its activity and satisfaction . . . can be maintained from seven years old to 107 if you can manage to live so long." Judging by the later items in this collection, the life-force of the *New Republic* remains at full strength.

—JOHN RAYMOND



New Novels by EVE BURGESS

The Ice Palace Tarjel Vesaas *Peter Owen* 25/-

The Velvet Bubble Alice Winter *Heinemann* 21/-

The Ice Age Tamas Aczel *Secker and Warburg* 25/-

Exitus Radomir Konstantinovic Calder *and Boyars* 32/6

The Ice Palace by the Norwegian writer Tarjel Vesaas is the most interesting novel I have read for a year. It is already the winner of a Scandinavian award and now appears in England in a graceful translation by Elizabeth Rokkan. This most poetic and unusual novel, which is set in Norway, is about a friendship between two eleven-year-old girls, Unn and Siss, who meet briefly, and are on the verge of sharing a secret, when they are separated by Unn's death. She dies when she is trapped in a chamber of ice while exploring a frozen waterfall—"an enchanted world of small pinnacles, gables, frosted domes, soft curves and confused tracery"—the Ice Palace, in fact. Siss is obsessed with the need to preserve Unn's memory, so much so that she cuts herself off from parents and school-friends to become an outsider: "She stood alone by the wall and the others accepted it."

As spring and the thaws approach, Siss is caught in a struggle between fidelity to her dead friend and a longing to get back to her group. But at the last, just as the Ice Palace must crack and disinte-

grate, so must she take the side of life against death. There is nothing maudish or sentimental in this novel, despite its precarious subject. Mr. Vesaas has a Wordsworthian feeling for Nature, leavened with considerable humour, and his descriptions of the sights and sounds of the long drawn-out Nordic winter produce some exceptionally sensitive writing. Warmly recommended.

The Velvet Bubble by Alice Winter is a neat horror story in topical vein with an American small town background. It is a shade too highly coloured to be entirely convincing, but is still a jolly good read for a wet afternoon. Fourteen-year-old Dorrie Lawson, only child of a rather stupid, fun-loving, American couple, nurses an obsessive love for her father and a parallel hatred for her mother. After her mother's death, with which at first we think the child had only a coincidental connection, Dorrie expects to be her father's closest companion. Now at last, she thinks that the "velvet bubble," which had always seemed to surround her parents to her exclusion, will stretch to take her in. But things do not quite work out that way. Strangers intrude and Dorrie's sanity disintegrates under the strain. This is not a particularly original plot, but what is very well done indeed is the description of the minor crises which lead up to Dorrie's inevitable collapse. Events are conveyed in double vision so that we see both how they actually happen and how they are distorted in the girl's sick mind.

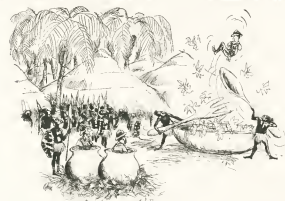
The Ice Age is a chillingly apt title for Aczel's novel about the Hungary of the early 1950s, a country gripped by the excesses of Stalinist totalitarianism. It is a story of intrigue and double-crossing among mesmerised Communist Party members, who have become almost dehumanised by their fear of either liquidation or State reprisal. There are such fearful overtones of 1984 that it is appalling to realise this is written from first-hand experience. For the author, Tamas Aczel, was purged from office in the Communist Party as a "deviationist," and fled from Hungary in November 1956 after the death of his personal friend, Premier Imre Nagy.

The story is built around the arrest of Professor Karolinszky, the chief surgeon at a Budapest hospital where four Party officials have died unexpectedly. In the hospital, and at the canning factory where Karolinszky's sister works, the repercussions of the arrest cause a panicky chain reaction of treachery which only two people have the courage to resist. Mr. Aczel writes with a clinical detachment which is so objective as to become unnerving, but while I could always believe in his situations, I found many of his characters over-simplified and unreal. Nevertheless, an unusual and very salutary tale for those who live on this side of the Iron Curtain.

Exitus, an examination of the character of Judas Iscariot by a Yugoslav poet and novelist, Radomir Konstantinovic, runs on endlessly like an unedited tape recording of an interview with a compulsive talker. It is an interesting idea, to lay Judas out on the psychiatrist's couch as it were.

He is made to talk out his feelings of guilt and fear and to reveal his psychopathic illusions of grandeur. "Without Judas what would He have been? Another would have had to have taken my place, for this thing cannot be without me." The end result is a recital of self-justification and personal inadequacies which is interesting in so far as it illumines the state of mind of a traitor. However, despite my interest in its theme I found this a very difficult book to read. It is written in that much-abused style known as "stream of consciousness," which in this case is the excuse for the most thick and abstruse writing. This was obviously a difficult book to translate and perhaps somewhere along the line it has lost its shape. Discipline and change of tempo are so completely lacking that the cumulative effect of the unvaried monologue simply becomes stupefying.

Belchamber Howard O. Sturgis *Duckworth* 35/- Reprint of minor classic of social satire published 1904 by rich Anglo-American Etienne. Lame, unlovely, goody-goody Marquis, a blue-blinded Tiny Tim, half deliberately falls victim to worldly wiles. Tale told at a gallop; sentiment cloying; characterisation mechanical; but much amusing descriptive writing.



"We can be thankful we're not in the salad."

An Opie cartoon from *The New Yorker* Album 1955-1965 (Hamish Hamilton \$2/6), one of nearly seven hundred phantasies by Arno, Addams, Strindberg and such. The ideal book for those who like their phantasies without the padding in between.

FOR BETTER OR FOR WORTLEY

The Complete Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu Volume 1, 1708-1720
edited by Robert Halsband *Oxford 84/-*

Already her biographer, M. Halsband has now edited Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's letters with such devotion that only the discovery of unknown correspondence could supplant the authority of his edition. The first volume carries the girl who struggled to marry Edward Wortley instead of a man of her father's choice to the moment when Wortley had become Ambassador at Constantinople and she had become famous as a letter-writer with whom European intellectuals were proud to correspond. In the days of their courtship there was a ceaseless flutter of letters passed by untrustworthy go-betweens, and plans for elopement which failed farcically before succeeding. In the intervals the lovers discussed the question of marriage settlements about which Mr. Wortley's tone was at times peevish. Lady Mary had a female confidante and with her she was more uninhibited than when wrestling with the intricacies of Mr. Wortley's mind over money matters. The latter indeed had a tendency to hypochondria which overtook him whenever he seemed to be getting the worst of an argument. He may have been aware subconsciously that he was faced with the sad fate of being a life-long member of what has been called the Mr. Humphrey Ward Club.

—VIOLET POWELL

DRAMATIC MINUTIAE

Stagestruck Maurice Zolotow Heinemann 42/-

In this biography of the legendary Lunts, Alfred and Lynn, the author studies every hair of their venerated heads, not to mention the heads of everyone they've ever had anything considerable to do with. Close focus is permissible in biographies, but when we're told that Helen Hayes, having once harboured an unrequited passion for Lunt, later met a young playwright at a party who handed her a bowl of peanuts with the words, "I wish they were emeralds," the camera seems to rove too much. Never mind, the book is all about the theatre and theatre people, and no doubt there are those who are still, even in this detempered age, as stagestruck as its subjects, and will derive from its revealing minutiae great excitement and joy. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne demand the word dedicated, in private and public life; it seems a fact rather than a fancy that they are only fully alive in the theatre and in each other's company. There are some photographs — I could have done with more — and a lot of those verbatim conversations (some from forty years ago) whose absolute authenticity

one is bound to mistrust. But the two gifted, devoted, perfectionist characters eventually come through in the round. The index is thick, and among amusingly unlikely names includes Anthony Eden and Rudyard Kipling. —BASIL BOOTHROYD

TORY CLOSE-UP

Near to Greatness Alan Houghton Brodick *Hutchinson 50/-*

This life of the late Earl Winterton is very odd. It is partly a character sketch by an old friend, partly extracts from its subject's own autobiographical notes and conversation, partly a study of the interaction between his family, his overseas experiences and his political life and partly a rag-bag of Mr. Brodick's own opinions and reminiscences, anthropological, gastronomic and social: he firmly makes opportunities for displaying his knowledge of the manners and customs of the French nobility. Winterton described his Parliamentary life in his own books and the references to it here are very casual. Once the peculiarities of the work are accepted, its zany charm is attractive, more attractive than its hero, who emerges as a shallow bully, a blimp who gradually acquired the affection the British lavish on rude old servants in colleges or clubs. This is one strand of the Conservative Party seen from an unusual angle. —B. C. G. PRICE

SHOT IN THE ARM

Digging for Britain The Autobiography of Lord Williams of Birmingham with a foreword by Lord Antlee *Hutchinson 35/-*

No single person makes a revolution, especially a revolution in a sphere as traditionally resistant to change as British agriculture; but if the Agriculture Act of 1947, with its subsequent injection of a life-giving shot of capital into an industry in grave danger of relapsing into the invalidism of pre-war, can be placed to the

credit of any one man, that man is Lord Williams of Birmingham, the Yorkshire ex-miner who — as 'Tom Williams, Minister of Agriculture in the Attlee Administration — contrived, against all the odds, to ally like the ancient prejudices within the Labour Party against the landed interest, and the equally deep-seated suspicions of the British farming community towards governmental interference however well-intentioned.

The qualities that achieved such an unlikely and momentous reconciliation — the honesty, the concentration in the face of persistent ill health; above all, the ability to see the other fellow's point of view — emerge clearly from this autobiography. Disregard the complacent self-advertisement on the jacket which is at total variance with the modesty and likeability of the presentation within.

—SYLVIA HAYDON

CHURCH TIMES

A Stroll Before Dark Richard Church *Heinemann 30/-*

Small Moments Richard Church *Hutchinson 30/-*

Both *A Stroll Before Dark* and the re-printed *Small Moments*, the latter with charming woodcuts by Joan Hassall, are collections of essays. Separately and together they are delightfully serendipitous. The compass of the new collection is described by two quotations from the title piece. "It has been my pleasure, all through life, to get up early and to see the day in," he writes, and "Darkness no sooner fell than it appeared to become self-luminous." In his waking hours, relaxed or alert, pottering about the house or on his travels abroad, considering — with what perception! — things present, or musing over the remembrance of things past, Mr. Church is one of the most engaging of silent companions, with something for Everyman's every mood. One thinks of him as the ideal unmet friend.

—R. C. SCRIVEN



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For Women

Flamenco at The Green Persimmon

by CELIA WAKEFIELD

HALF a million guitars are bought every year in the United States. What happens to them? Some, no doubt, end up decorating a wall. Some are coaxed into playing "Go tell Aunt Rhody the Old Grey Goose is Dead." Some go to school or college, and some twang out the blues in smoky coffee houses.

Guitar novices who really want to suffer in the cause of music take up Flamenco. That's what I did.

The folklore of Flamenco requires that it be produced by illiterate Spanish gypsies living in caves. The tunes are seldom written down. "They can't be," say the experts, which, freely translated, means "They won't be." The reasons for this are: Flamenco guitarists often don't know how to write music; the technique can be kept more confusing if you never play the same bit twice; and nobody really wants anyone else to play Flamenco.

The last person who intends to teach you this art is your guitar teacher. He's willing to sign you up as a pupil, for the going fee, and give you an hour at a time of his attention, but he doesn't expect to teach you because he's already certain you can never learn. The closer he is to Spanish tradition, the more convinced he is of this basic premise.

The setting is important. In my case it involved a trip across the bay to San Francisco, to the cellar of a night club named *The Green Persimmon*. This was chosen, I think, because of the trap door and ladder into the cellar which one must negotiate guitar in hand. It was the nearest thing available to a Spanish cave. In the afternoon, when I had my lessons, the upstairs club was empty, but we studied in the cellar anyway.

There, among a litter of worn dancing costumes, empty soda bottles, and broken cafe chairs, I took my first faltering steps. I developed my muscles. You can do this

without even dusting off your guitar. Just pick up a newspaper and crumple it slowly in your right hand, gathering it fold by fold into a ball. Had I practised fourteen hours a day, this would have turned the trick, I'm sure.

As the muscles start to develop, warming-up activities on the guitar get under way. Slur the strings with the fingers of the left hand until blood is drawn. Alternate with rapid out-and-back strokes of the right-hand fingers across the strings until paralysis calls a halt. For diversion, perform a tremolo five hundred times at snail's pace.

For me, the great day finally came. I was ready to be initiated. My teacher, Paco, was all set to hand over (I thought) the real secrets of Flamenco. I balanced my guitar on my lap. He, facing me, did the same with his guitar.

"What shall we study?" He consulted his watch surreptitiously and executed off-hand a dazzling arabesque along the strings.

"Sevillanas?" I murmured timidly.

His answer was a brilliant piece of slurring followed by the crash of five-

roll *razqueados*. "Like that?"

"Olé!" I cried. "Let's just have something simple to start with, please."

He gave it all he had, this time in a series of runs. "Like that?"

"Olé! Would you just show me the rhythm, please?"

A quick phrase, followed by another, in a sort of musical volte-face.

"Nothing to it really. Of course you can't show anyone how to do it. Remember to break up the regular rhythm with the counter-rhythm at the right time. It's a matter of feeling." He ran through a *copla*. "You see, it's easy. Of course, if there's a singer with you he'll sing about half a note behind. That might throw you."

"Olé!" I noted with relief that there was no singer around.

After another twenty minutes we'd selected, from a limitless choice in every possible key, a version of *Sevillanas*. We settled on a variation in D major. (Next week Paco forgot what he had done and insisted on something else in G, but I couldn't foresee this at the time.) The only hazard now was transposing what he played on his guitar into what I played on my guitar. Since we were facing each other, this was like reading a book in the mirror. We struggled through a few phrases.

"Not bad," Paco said. "The rhythm! No, the counter-rhythm! Again! Again!"

Now I'm playing Flamenco, I told myself, feeling the dizziness of great heights scaled. That is, I think I'm playing Flamenco. How long can I keep it up?

Not long, as it turned out. After the lesson I had to hurry through the afternoon traffic, over the crowded Bay



"Anne Irvine, did you say?"

Bridge, and up to my home. There I was free to pick up my guitar again and play over the day's lesson . . . provided I could recapture it. Was that A-sharp in there, or should I have gone straight back to E? Elusive bits of melody haunted my dreams. The notes were seldom in my head when I practised.

"Don't worry about it," Paco told me. "You can always phone me when you forget, and I'll play the phrase for you. Don't hesitate. Of course this week I'm going on a concert tour but you can reach me in Chicago."

Flamenco lessons could easily go on forever. As it happens they don't, and the end is always the same. One's guitar teacher leaves for Spain. This is comparable to early day pilgrimages and nothing is allowed to interfere. With Paco it came at a bad time for me. I'd just finished learning *Sevillanas* (I thought), and hurried over to *The Green Perimion* to my lesson one afternoon, triumphant.

"I can really play it," I told Paco, as I climbed down the ladder and the trap door snapped shut above me. "I can play it just the way you do."

I showed him and then leaned back waiting for the *Olé's*. Paco frowned. He ran off a few quiet runs and four-rolls.

"I'm afraid you can't learn Flamenco. Too bad I'm leaving for Spain in a few days or we could go on trying." He shrugged.

"What do you mean I can't learn? I just did. Is there anything wrong? The rhythm? The counter-rhythm? The notes? I'm sure it was A-sharp at the end of the *copla*."

"That's your trouble. You're playing it the way I taught you. You must never do that. Where's your spontaneity? Flamenco is a spontaneous art form. You don't learn it."

Paco has been gone a year now. I had a postcard from a Spanish cave where he's doing postgraduate work. One of these days, when I have time from practising, I must phone Paco in Madrid to let him know how I'm coming along and to check on a few points. For instance, was it A-sharp or E at the end of the first *copla*? I've forgotten again, and I need to know so that I can play the wrong one. That way perhaps I can finally get at the heart of Flamenco. Almost any time now, after I've finished unlearning it, I expect to be able to play the *Sevillanas*.

Working it out

by HAZEL TOWNSON

DESPITE all the highfalutin talk we've had on the subject lately, it's *cwning* that makes mothers of young families go out to work, for then they needn't really do any work at all.

On the home front they're at liberty to flop into the nearest chair and expect to have their slippers brought, their dinner made and all the children put to bed by somebody else, be it husband, granny, "au pair" or the eldest girl who ought to be doing her algebra homework. Dad can press his own non-iron shirt and stumble through the telly-gloom with slippery Horlicks mugs, while mum, slumped like a felled saint, groans to drown her bubbling audience-participation.

On the "work" front it's the same. She arrives exhausted in the mornings, trailing clouds of cooked breakfasts, made beds, washed-up dishes, seen-off children, fresh floors, mended trouser-seats and sweet-baked carrot pasties. What can a humane boss do then but cosset her, get out the sherry-glasses and transistor, despatch the tea-boy to the supermarket with her shopping-list, extend her tea-break to her (doubled) lunch-break, send

her home early and insist that she take the next day off?

On her day off, of course, she does not catch up on the dusting or play Dales. She spends the morning at the hairdresser's and the afternoon buying herself a new outfit. After all, now she's working it's essential to keep up appearances. If her curtains crumble or her plastic milk-clock slips askew, the neighbours have only to remind themselves that, poor old thing, she's already trying to do half a dozen jobs at once, and it's a wonder how some husbands have the cheek.

As co-breadwinner she has a say in all the spending, and a perfect right to every latest labour-saving gadget, such as a hand-operated adjustable foot-rest or electric nail-file. Nor is there time, in this whirlwind existence, to entertain her in-laws or her husband's business-friends, not to mention her young children's rampant cronies.

Thus she escapes the worst of both worlds, keeps her conscience clear, her fingernails unbroken and (since it's only familiarity that breeds contempt) her offspring's honour and respect. Good luck to her! And when she retires at last, hoping to spend a well-earned rest to protracted visits to her married daughters, may she be flattered by their imitation and find *they* have all gone out to work as well, leaving her to find their slippers, cook their dinners and get all their children off to bed.

An L-Driver Ponders

I'VE got to take the car for servicing. I wonder if I dare ask Jack to bring His car up here and go in mine with me—No, then we'd both be stuck. How would it be Him doing it and coming back by bus? No, no, I can't ask that, too hideous; Though, if he left *his* at the stop—oh hell, He can't do that *and* drive up here as well To get *my* car. I wonder if his *mother* Would come up too, then they could drive each other—No, got it now. I drive *her* in, then Jack Would simply follow on and fetch us back. Yes, if they both don't *mind*, I'd say that's best.

It will be nice when I have passed my test.

— ANGELA MILNE



TOBY COMPETITIONS

No. 203 Crusade

COMPETITORS are invited to provide extracts from the literature of an organisation campaigning against one of the following: Bank Holidays, Croquet, Mayoral chairs, Biers, Teaching drawing to children under eleven. Limit: 120 words.

A prize of five guineas is offered for the winning entry, and one-guinea book tokens for each of the others printed. Address entries to Toby Competition No. 203, Punch, 10 Boulevard Street, London, EC4, to arrive by first post Wednesday, January 26.

Report on Competition No. 200 (Full Story)

Competitors were equally divided between anecdotes ending "I'll never bank on finding a horse in Bloomsbury again" and those ending "It proves it's never worth while to economise on holes." Invention rioted and there were very few entries that didn't earn a second look. The winner was Lt.-Col. W. F. N. Watson.

"Eli's eight," sez Paw. "Time he'll all had a gun. The McCrools'll get him ebe."

We-all goes to Micah's Store. "The usual, Jephtha?" sez Micah. "Yup," sez Paw, an' Micah hands him a long bar'led flintlock, sayin' "Twelve dollars." "Hold yer hosses!" Maw hollers, a-readin' out "NEW: two bar' Economy Size Breechloader 15 dollars. TWO bar's, And smaller'un's to save powder." "How's about some o' these new-fangled cat'ridges?" sez Micah. "Shucks!" sez Paw, and sends Eli out to practise with the breechloader.

That gun ain't got flint nor ramrod. Eli just can't get Paw's bullets down the bar's. Then Resurrection McCool comes up with his Granpappy's o' Lexington musket . . . Sure proves it's never worth while to economise on holes.

The runners-up were:

We weren't the sort of people who normally frequented race-tracks, but, as Virginia contended, the life of the aesthete should, ideally, encompass every kind of experience; so we went.

"Well, what shall we back?" I inquired, as they scanned their race-cards.

"Orisado," breathed Victoria.

"Agave Isle," murmured Morgan.

"Still Life," suggested Duncan.

"Kandy," said Leonard.

"Linear Form," decreed Roger.

"Ancient Regime," squeaked Lytton.

We ended up backing the lot, and when the race was won by the only starter we hadn't backed, "Phülatre," I remarked: "I'll never bank on finding a horse in Bloomsbury again."

— M. PAGO

We were always trying to think of a new crowd-puller for International Co-op Day. Sidney—who later became PR man for the Bath Supermarkets Association—suggested that the Co-op president, Walpole Huggins, ride a horse from the PR department to the Co-op Hall (a distance of some eight miles) whilst wearing a suit made up of flags and banners. Walpole liked the idea, but insisted on carrying a display board reading "LAST YEAR, WE RETURNED £92,537 TO THE MEMBERS IN DIV.".

The big day arrived, golden and sunny. Walpole arrived at the PR department, his colourful attire concealed by a brown plastic mac.

"Where's the horse?" I asked Sidney.

"I didn't get the horse," Sidney replied. "I'm just the Ideas Man around here. Execution of ideas is an executive function." And he launched into the 1957 definitions of management responsibilities.

In desperation, I sent him out to secure any stray horse wandering about in our neighbourhood of Bloomsbury. He re-

turned with a battery-propelled milk float which, he said, was the nearest he could get. The President talked up like any selfless PR man.

"A horse might not have been right for our public image," he smiled, discarding the plastic mac. "We have to show that we move with the times."

It was unfortunate that the milk-float broke down some considerable distance from the Co-op Hall, and that Walpole had to walk the last three miles. Later—after the full Committee investigation—I told Sidney that I hoped that he'd learned something from the fiasco. He said that he had. "I'll never bank on finding a horse in Bloomsbury again."

— D. LAGELL

My great-great-grandfather, Ebenecar, was a wizard at maths, and even at the age of nine could solve those nasty sums where some pence poured water into a tank while others eventually drained it dry.

In his later years he owned a trading barque which he could not afford to maintain. So on a voyage from Falmouth to the Caribbean he bored sufficient holes in her bldg to make her sink conveniently near her terminal port.

Unfortunately for him she was blown off course into the Sargasso Sea. There sea-weed choked many of the holes. The crew, whose dilatoriness he could not trust, got the ship to port. The insurance people then learnt of his designs and refused to re-insure. On the return voyage she ran into heavy weather which dislodged the pegs from the holes, and she was lost with all hands. So my great-great-grandfather learnt from bitter experience that it is never worth while to economise on holes, and our family has been poor ever since.

— TERENCE LEE

Book tokens also to: F. GOWERS, HARRY SHOOT, JOHN DIGBY and J. B. BLACKLOCK.



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